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# CLARA GAZUL,

OR

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

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If any person should presume to assert  
This story is not moral, first, I pray  
That they will not cry out before they're hurt.

LORD BYRON.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1830.

# THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MAJESTY  
GEORGE THE THIRD  
BY  
JAMES OBERLIN

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall; and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard.  
1762.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

THOUGH my Memoirs have long been before the public, I have not yet explained how and why I became the mistress of Lord Craven, at the early age of fifteen, and the public is still ignorant whether it was love, the severity of my father, or the depravity of my own heart which placed me in that unfortunate situation . . . .

I am now disposed to gratify curiosity, provided the reader has the grace to attend

Gen. R. R. R. (455) Edwards 3v 1

to “ a plain unvarnished ” statement of facts which I will make as short as possible ; and I offer this explanation in extenuation of my offences against the good order of society.

My father was a native of Vevey, and you all know or you ought to know, that Vevey is a small town situated on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, in the Canton de Vaud, which once formed part of the Canton de Berne, until it was separated in 1798, by the rebellion which broke out in Switzerland at that period.

My father’s native place has always been celebrated by travellers as presenting scenery of incomparable beauty. Vevey is not very distant from Clarens—that spot

which J. Jacques Rousseau has immortalized.

My paternal ancestors in old times were nobles, and distinguished themselves in the politics of Europe. I could furnish my readers with an account of the former feats, armorial bearings, &c. of the late Barons Du Bochet, but that I should be afraid of sending them to sleep, and therefore, I briefly proceed to inform them that my grandfather was the worst tempered man in all the Canton and my father, John Du Bochet, at the age of thirteen left his parents roof in search of adventures, never to return. His two Brothers soon followed his example, and were not afterwards heard of.

My father joined a recruiting party

journeying towards Holland, who refused to take him into their service on account of his extreme youth. Charmed, however, with the beauty of his countenance, and his intelligent discourse, they supported him on his journey, and suffered him to partake of their meals.

Arrived in Holland his fine face and talents caused him, to be remarked and admired by all who beheld him, and he had scarcely passed a month in that country, when the colonel of a Swiss Regiment, being accidentally in his society, attached himself to his interest at once, and engaged him as military secretary.

My father continued in this Colonel's service for some time, when oh! love, fa-

tal, all powerful love! what misery, what crimes, do you some times occasion.

The Colonel had a Mistress, that Mistress was but frail, my father was the loveliest youth in Christendom, and as ardent, as lovely, so there was no such thing as resisting him; and the Colonel surprised his interesting, and young but most intelligent protégé in the arms of his mistress. A meeting was the result. My father excelled in the use of arms, the Colonel fell, and the secretary's life, by the laws of that country, was forfeited- Can we wonder if he desired to make an abrupt retreat? This alas, was interrupted by the guards!

It is in the course of nature that we de-



fend our own lives ; my father fired, and the guard fell dead at his feet. . . .

His mind, as I have heard, was deeply affected by this two-fold misfortune, and he wandered half over the known world ; from Italy to Spain, then to America, then to Lisbon ; and it was by his talents, grace, and high courage, that he continued to make his way every where.

At length he obtained a sufficient sum of money to embark with merchandise for England, on a speculation. The ship in which he sailed was lost in sight of Lisbon, but my father saved his life by his expertness in swimming, and found himself once more pennyless on the shores of Portugal. In a few hours afterwards he

announced himself to the principal inhabitants of the capital, as professor of algebra, mathematics, German, French, dancing and fencing, and soon obtained scholars in all these branches of education, saved money, and embarked once more for England.

Here he made the acquaintance of General Burgoyne, who afterwards engaged him as private secretary.

My father accompanied him to America, where, although attached to his staff, he had the good fortune to escape the disgrace of that General, when with the whole British army, he was made prisoner by the Americans. My father being dispatched on some important mission at

some distance from the scene of action.

I remember he used to bless his lucky stars, while recounting to us, that at the very moment of the action he happened to be quietly and innocently enjoying himself over a bottle of Burgundy with a friend in total ignorance of what was going on.

From thence he started again for England, where he arrived and fell desperately in love with my mother, and he had the talent to prevail on the most modest timid girl that could well be imagined, to consent, at fourteen years of age, to a private marriage.

The tameness of a married life, however, but ill suited my father's ardent spirit, and it was impossible for two minds or

dispositions to be more widely different, or more unlikely to agree than my parents.

I was their sixth daughter, and born on a Friday the 2d of February, 1786, at No. 23, Queen Street, May Fair.

Early impressions are lasting. My father made a strong impression upon me by dint of birch, when I was about five years old, but I deserved it all, having torn up a problem of his to make myself a fly-trap, and Papa undertook to use the birch until I should promise never to sin again.

I remember feeling indignant at the first sight of the rod, and screwing my courage up to the coming emergency, I

I fixed my eyes with firmness on my father's face.

“ Promise not to do it again,” said Papa between each heavy lash of the rod.

“ Say no,” cried my poor mother, “ only say no, child—it is easy to say no, surely”—but my mind was made up, that nothing, not even a negative should be extorted from me by dint of blows.

“ This devil must be got out of the child,” said my father ; I was thrown on the bed and whipped, till my body was disfigured from head to foot ; yet I believe my father acted from principle, for he was not habitually cruel to children, but such unusual obstinacy in so young a child, required, as he no doubt conceived, ex-

traordinary correction. If he gave me my way this time, there would be an end to all discipline for ever. However, I did not cry out once, but let him beat me till I was fainting. At last, the feelings of nature, added to my mother's tears, induced him to give up the case as hopeless. Indeed, it was so, for I feel well assured I should have died of blows at any period of my life, rather than any thing should have been beat out of me by force.

I was, nevertheless, a very affectionate child, and have often, even at that very early age laid awake and wept, while my mother thought I slept, because I saw the trace of tears on her cheeks.

With regard to the above-mentioned

sound and desperate flogging, it is incredible even to myself how clearly I recollect every circumstance attending it ; namely, that the dispute began in the back parlour, that I was by my father carried from thence to his bed room on the second floor, and placed on his bed to be whipped. I remember even the thoughts and feelings which determined me to die, rather than they should beat any thing out of me, It was not anger or rage, for young as I was, I felt and knew that this punishment was not inflicted with malice, but a mixture of sensations for which I had no name, although their united influence was felt. I fancied there could be no merit in my promising



any thing out of fear ; and my mind being firmly made up at the beginning of the chapter, this severe punishment which after my skin was broken became painful in the extreme, never made me waver a single instant, so as to afford my father the slightest hopes or chance of victory.

The day was my own !! My father resigned the birch, absolutely fatigued with the exercise, and my poor body was rubbed with what was considered most healing, yet I continued more than a fortnight, stiff, feverish, and full of pain.

My eldest, sister whose education had been particularly attended to, undertook the arduous task of teaching me to read. I was the greatest dunce in the world, and at an age when she had been an ex-

cellent reader of a newspaper aloud, I scarcely knew my alphabet.

My sister, whom we will call Diana, used to shake me, and call me a tiresome, absent little brat. As well might she have talked to the wind. My ideas always wandered from the book, to the blue bottles and wasps flying about the room, and as to learning any thing by heart that was not entertaining, it seemed to me to be utterly beyond all possibility.

At last a lady happened to read something aloud in my presence that delighted me, I asked for the book, wanted to read the passage myself, and implored sister Diana's instructions. Reading was no longer dry: I learn't it easily and at once,

just as my sister had given me over for a dunce. As soon as I could read, I began teasing ever body for books, I could not endure story books about naughty boys and girls, &c. but there was an old book in our nursery, called the Speaker, containing scraps of Shakespeare, and other great authors, which delighted me, especially Cardinal Wolsey's speech, not that I understood it, but I had a sort of guess that I should do so one day or other. In the meantime I read it over and over again, and asked Diana the meaning of every line. My sister Paragon was my constant companion and play-fellow ; she was two years my senior.

The habit of reflection came upon me

very young, and long before I could read, I used to sit on my little stool apart from the rest to puzzle my head about the nature and attributes of God. Why we are often ill and unhappy? What was heaven? What was death? When was the world to be at an end, &c. My sister Paragon must still recollect how often I used to consult and plague her about the end of the world, before I had attained my fifth year.

Paragon was so proud of being my elder sister, that she could not endure to appear ignorant on any subject; so she answered my question one day in these words, delivered with just as dignified an air, as that with which she now holds

forth on the virtues of Doctor Anderson's Scots pills.

"Child," said Paragon, "this world will be at an end when all the little children shall be grown up to men and women."

"Oh! very well," said I delighted to come at a reasonable conclusion, and I put my head on my hand while I reflected, in order to study the probability of the case.

"It is all wrong," said I to Paragon, after ten minutes deep cogitation.

"What is all wrong?" Paragon asked.

"Why because when I am only half grown up, the big girls and boys will be men and women, and more little ones will come, whilst I am getting to my full size."

“ Oh never mind that puzzling stuff,” said Paragon carelessly, while tying on her doll’s new bonnet.

“ I wish I could speak to God Almighty about it,” I exclaimed very seriously.

“ Oh! for shame, Miss,” said our nurse, “ it is very wicked to talk about the Almighty in this sort of way.”

“ Well, but if I am never to see God, or to talk about him, how am I to love him ; why, I shall forget all about him.”

“ Fye! fye ! Miss, you must pray to God, and not chatter about him in that sort of manner.”

“ But then I don’t know what prayers mean.”

“ Mean child? you pray that God may make you a good girl.”

“ Yes! but then I want to know if he hears me.”

“ He hears every word you say, and knows all your thoughts.”

“ How are you sure of that?”

“ It is so written in the Bible—Don’t ask so many questions child, you are too young :—You must be a good girl, love God and then you will go to heaven.”

“ Is heaven a nice place,” I enquired, and continued earnestly to question the old woman, until she refused to answer me.

I was sent to school for a short time, where I learn’t nothing; and my mother,



before I was eight years of age, discovered that I could only learn what struck my fancy, and nothing that any person might wish to drive into my head ; I, therefore, returned home, quite as ignorant as I had left it, to hear talk of nothing but my sister's conquests, the kiss that Tom Sheridan had given Fanny, the appointment Paragon had made to walk with Ned Jess, &c. Then Fanny would read to us for the hundred and fiftieth time, her cousin's warm effusion, the first and only love letter she had ever received. " Dear me," said I one night to her, " how very tiresome all this love and nonsense is," just as Fanny, after undressing and cold-creaming her nose for the freckles, had placed herself in our

old fashioned ponderous arm chair to read us her love letter once more ; the contents of which, I shall never be able to forget—beginning thus :

“ The lover that but seldom requires  
“ the making of apologies, is too frequent-  
“ ly confounded in the attempt, whilst the  
“ gay and volatile, with hearts as light as  
“ their heads, pass over these matters,  
“ with complete indifference, and escape  
“ with impunity. I should be happy  
“ to escape your censure, for daring to  
“ violate my engagement for our walk in  
“ the Green Park, but would fain con-  
“ vince you that the emergency of the  
“ case,” &c. &c.

My readers, like myself, have had quite enough of Fanny's cousin's love letter ; but my sisters Paragon, Diana, and Amy, were never satiated.

We slept in two adjoining rooms, and I, who was always in bed first, could get no rest for their abominable chattering—"Read your letter to us," said Paragon to Fanny, "and don't attend to that tiresome little plague Harriette, who will never get married as long as she lives.

To be brief, my sisters might have set me a good example, and it is just possible I might have followed it ; but the fact is, no poor girl could well be thrown into worse hands. Morning, noon, and night I heard of nothing but the softness of Tom

Sheridan's hand, the brightness of Berkeley Craven's eyes, &c. &c. and my elder sisters must still recollect how disgusted I used to be with their conversations, in return for which they called me "tell-tale, and brown, ugly, straight-haired figure of fun" In short, I was considered a spy amongst them, and only because I could not enter into their feelings, or desire to be followed and made love to in the streets ; indeed, I never dream't of being liked, either abroad or at home. Naturally shy, my sisters had succeeded in making me believe myself both ugly and every way uninteresting, but I was no tell-tale, although I did once threaten to acquaint my mother, with their sly meetings

with gentlemen, and what was still worse, I contrived to steal Fanny's worn out love effusion, and slip it into our meat pye just before it was carried to the baker, in order that I might be relieved from the intolerable bore of listening to its perusal.

Now, I will ask my readers whether it be possible for a child to listen for months and years together, to a set of gay young girls, for ever raving on their love, their lovers, and their sensations, without having her curiosity a little bit excited? At length, I began to look slyly under my bonnet at these lovers they all made such a fuss about, and as soon as I took the trouble to curl my hair, I was beset with

a host of admirers, who sent me messages, and pretty copies of verses by our maid servant, for I appeared much older than I really was.

However, I never went out alone, or encouraged any man to address me, but my mother, who used to accompany me in my walks, having observed the admiration I excited in the street, advised my father to take me to France, and place me in some school or convent out of harm's way.

Let my readers then suppose me equipped in my new little travelling dress, all impatience, and trembling with anxiety to see the world, kissing my mother and sisters by turns, and taking a last look at the crows I had been so long in the habit of

watching and feeding from the leads at the top of our house.

At length I was seated with Papa in the Brighton coach, The trees seemed to dance on merrily before me, and for the first half hour I could not believe they kept their station. I was, however, disappointed in the pleasure I expected to derive from a first view of the country : sanguine people, like myself, are often disappointed, and Sussex is so flat and ugly. The sea struck me with wonder and astonishment. "What a pity we are not going to India instead of Dieppe," said I to my father because I wanted to see with my own eyes how far the sea would go.

Two gentlemen sailed with us, one of



them was called Allen ; his companion, an aristocratical looking young stripling, was handsome, graceful and particularly elegant in his attire. We had a tedious passage of three days and three nights. My poor father, always suffered at sea, and could not bear the smell of a cabin, so he remained all the first night on deck. I was still more affected than my father, and remained in bed. The youth, Mr. Allen's friend, passed the whole night by my side, and paid me every kind of civility, handing me tea and various refreshing scents from his magnificent dressing case.

At last, an old lady thought it incumbent on her to send a message to my father, advising him to interrupt the close

and pointed attentions of the young gentleman to his daughter. After this hint, my father never once lost sight of me for the rest of the passage. He would have scolded me, but he found me too ill either to resist or encourage the addresses of any man.

The youth now laboured to convince me by slight, almost imperceptible signs, that he had not forgotten me. My father was annoyed, and a sort of talking at each other conversation took place, in which my father had much the best of it.

Dieppe, as we approached it, struck me as the most picturesque place imaginable. The women's caps three stories high, and so curiously adorned, and their immense

long ear rings and pretty faces, delighted me. I was interrupted in my admiration by a custom house officer, who came to inquire my name, The handsome youth stood close behind us. "The misfortune of it is Sir," said he to my father, who had thrown out many severe hints, about the emptiness of the youths of the day, &c. "that we are obliged here to tell our secrets whether we like it or not."

"My daughter is not ashamed of her name or of her age," said my father, glancing contemptuously on the youth, and speaking as usual with a slight foreign accent. "I might be ashamed of mine," added he, "for I am growing old, but that I see youth so impertinent and ridiculous."

The young gentleman reddened, and seemed about to answer in anger, but his friend eagerly made signs to him to be silent, and he obeyed. There was good taste in his forbearance towards an offended father, and I began to consider the young gentleman with some degree of interest.

Since we were about to be separated, I wished much to have been permitted to bid him adieu ! I hate parting with any body, when I believe the separation is to last for ever. I would have looked my good wishes at some safe opportunity, but that I loved my father, and conceived he had been treated with disrespect.

Under this impression, I took care that our eyes should not meet, although, when

unobserved, I examined the young gentleman's countenance. I thought I read something of contrition there, and guessed that his friend had read him a lecture on the bad taste he had been guilty of. He was high bred and thoughtless, but not, I think, unfeeling. They had a handsome travelling equipage on board, and appeared to be men of fortune.

We went to an hotel kept by Monsieur de la Rue, and retired immediately to bed, being both worn out with fatigue. Early the next morning, my father accompanied me in a long walk. I was charmed with every thing I saw. We did not return till my legs would carry me no farther.

As I stood at the window of our sitting

room which faced the court, I saw an elegant English chariot, and four post horses, preparing for some traveller's departure. Soon afterwards we observed Mr. Allen's graceful young friend, wrapped up in a pelisse, addressing an English servant. He raised his eyes towards our window, but appeared timid, and half afraid to acknowledge us, lest his bow should not be returned. When we had breakfasted, we again went out in search of the bureau de la Malle-Poste, and as we left the hotel, Mr. Allen stepped into the carriage. His young friend was about to follow him when we passed. He blushed—hesitated—pursued us a few steps—then returned towards the carriage, and

again followed us with an appearance of more resolution. His present timid agitation interested us the more, by its contrast with his former boldness ; even my father was softened.

“ I could not leave Dieppe, Sir,” said the young gentleman, respectfully taking off his hat—“ I really Sir, could not make up my mind to lose sight of you and your daughter, perhaps for ever, without offering my best and most sincere wishes for the happiness of you both.” My father looked undetermined, and the young gentleman’s confusion increased. As I watched his countenance, and his earnest natural manner, I began to hope that he had taken a sort of liking to my parent, and



for this, I could have thanked him on my knees, so dearly did I love my father.

“ I am a very wild profligate fellow,” said the young man at last, his colour heightening as he went on. “ I am not good for much Sir, but upon my word and honour I mean right now, and if you will do me the honor to shake hands with me, I shall travel with a lighter heart.”

“ Sir,” said my father, shaking him cordially by the hand, “ I wish you a pleasant journey to Italy.” My father’s smile, contrasted with his usual severity of expression, produced a wonderful effect, it was so perfectly beautiful, independent of the glimpse it afforded of his brilliant teeth.

“ I was quite wrong Sir, and enough to

disgust you of young men in general, but you must not refuse to acknowledge me, should we hereafter meet ; I shall mend, Sir, and grow amiable after my travels." The last words were uttered with such boyish archness, as a child is apt to use when coaxing a parent ; then bowing low and gracefully to me, he added with something like emotion, and as if from his heart, "God bless you Mademoiselle, I wish you both every possible happiness :'' in another instant he had sprung into his carriage, and was out of sight.

There is something, I repeat, in an eternal farewell, which always affects me deeply. I was not at all in love with this youth, but he had just stood before me,

and was gone for ever. His eyes had met mine for an instant, and I remembered their expression was benevolent and tender, and the tone of his voice was softened. He, too, disliked parting with the face that had pleased him; he, too had felt that chill, cold, tremulous sensation, which at the same instant had weighed upon my heart, whilst turning his back upon us for ever!—My father too, would soon leave me in a foreign country to the care of strangers whom I had never beheld, and might not like. My heart was suddenly oppressed, I drew my large bonnet over my eyes to conceal a tear I could not suppress, and to this hour, I remember that parting with a feeling of melancholy.

We proceeded to Rouen on the same evening that we took leave of the stranger. My father having agreed with the Abbess of the celebrated convent of St. Ursulines, I took an affectionate leave of him, and was presented by the Abbess to all her boarders, nearly a hundred in number. I felt very melancholy among so many strange faces, and my school-fellows countenances did not please me, with the exception of of La petite Comtesse de Richmond, who was very lovely indeed. We were soon sworn friends, which friendship lasted with warmth, as long as I remained in Rouen.

I will not, at present, take up the reader's time, with the convent, or its anecdotes, nor will I dwell on such matters as

Julia's romantic passion for our confessor, Le Père Petersin, who laboured so vainly to make me a catholic—Mademoiselle Moreau's black beard—The candle snuffer's crooked nose—The kindness of the Demoiselles Lambert's, nieces to the Archbishop of Rouen, who procured me invitations to dine with their Right Reverend Uncle, every Thursday, (our holiday)—Nor will I now enumerate how many times I was selected by our Abbess for the high favor of pressing my ruby lips on his right reverend great toe, there to hold them fast, and inhale French cirage, while we received his blessing, “Bène, Bène, sancto spiritu,” but I have forgotten my Latin.

I was too ignorant even for the third and lowest class in our convent, so I was an outcast, and I used to amuse myself with drawing horses and cows on my slate, while the young ladies wrote down their lessons from the lips of their masters, in the shape of dictation. The Abbess was a noble lady of high birth, and as I was the first English girl she had ever had under her protection, she made me her pet “sa folie,” and I shall never forget her tenderness, or cease to regret the advantage I took of it, and the tricks I used to play her. However, they were all good natured tricks, and when she shook her head at me, or held up her finger, I used to hug her and half smother her with kisses ; and



then in her very pretty voice she would read me a lecture, invite me to dinner, and give me pralines, jelly, eau de Cologne, and eau bénite—She was a beautiful woman of her age, which might be fifty, or less, and her fair countenance, was most truly soft and benevolent. I always told her she was beautiful, but she really did not seem to know what beauty meant; a woman so accomplished, yet so pure and completely innocent, I should have believed was not in human nature, but for my acquaintance with Madame Cousin, which was the name the lady Abbess bore.

Her brother, the handsome confessor, used to expound the Bible, and explain



the catholic religion : this was not at all dry to me, but a matter of deep interest.

“ Hors de la religion catholique point de salue\*” said the good priest, and I had no idea of being cut out of my “salue,” in this sort of way.

After all my vain puzzling at home, I was delighted to find a patient, willing, handsome priest, who was never tired of reasoning with me on the very subject which had been tormenting me ever since I was four years of age.

The priest did not like me to make him laugh on serious subjects, au reste, he gave me carte blanche to state all my objections

\* Out of the holy Roman catholic religion none shall be saved. — ED.

straight forward as they occurred to me, in doing which, I sometimes placed his creed in a ludicrous light, without really meaning it, because I naturally seize upon the ludicrous points of any subject with great quickness—'tis my forte or calling.

This our priest pitied and forgave whenever his own gravity of countenance was not disturbed by it, but he was no dense stupid bigot, and wit amused him malgré lui.

“ You have the talent to make me laugh,” said he, “ but I forbid you to exert that talent when we discourse on matter of religion.

“ Et moi mon cher Père\* je vous de-

\* And I, Father, I forbid you.—ED.

fends, at least I must request that you do not place St. Peter before my mind's eye in such a ludicrous light, or St. Paul either."

"Yon go too far."

"Eh bien !\* voulez vous me pardonner mon Père ?"

"Je ne sais pas!——"

"Mais je ne rirai plus de ma vie je vous dis—c'est que je me suis trompé voyez vous mon cher Père car j'ai cru que la

\* "Well Father, will you forgive me ?"

"I don't know."

"But I'll never laugh again as long as I live, I tell you. I have been mistaken Father, for I had thought that the good and true religion was merry and gay, and far from disregarding these two gentlemen, I esteem them greatly, and should do more so, if you could only assure me that they were less dirty fellows than the poor Jews of this present day."

bonne et véritable religion fût gaie, et bien loin de mépriser ces deux messieurs là, je les estime fortement et surtout si vous pouvez m'assurer qu'ils étoient un peu moins sales que les pauvres juifs d'aujourd'hui."

"Vous êtes méchante," said the priest, who had taken me into his beautiful little library, adorned with fine paintings and scarlet and damask draperies.

"Maman, ma petite maman viens donc vite ? Viens ici , vite ! vite !" I exclaimed, calling out to the Abbess who sat reading in the adjoining room, which was her study, " Pourquoi Maman m'as tu enfermée avec

\* " You are very wicked.

ce beau prêtre qui déjà s'oublie et commence à me dire des sottises\* ?—”

“ La petite Maman, as we all called the lady Abbess, hastened to join us with a face of alarm.

“ Voila qui est trop farce†,” said the priest, laughing outright.

“ Suis-je méchante donc‡ ?”—I asked.

“ Du moins vous avez bonne physionomie,||” he replied, still laughing.

“ Embrasse moi donc mon Père§,” said I.

\* Mother ! quick come here ! Quick ! Quick !—Why have you shut me up with a gay priest, who begins so soon to forget himself, and say improper things to me ?

† That is too much for a joke.

‡ Am I very wicked then ?

|| “ Your face at least, is in your favor.”

§ “ Kiss me then, Father !”

“ Savez vous que ce sera pour la premiere fois,” observed the handsome priest, half inclined to blush, as he pressed his virgin lips on my cheek, now that this harmless liberty was sanctioned by the presence of his sister. The lady Abbess was kind enough to exert herself in vain, to prepare me for one of the classes by private lessons, but I could really learn nothing by rule. I was too “distract,” and could not help it.—All I did in the convent was to reflect much, study music a little, and religion a good deal—and then I learnt the rule of three, in the hopes of giving my poor father an agreeable sur-

\* “Do you know then, it will be for the first time”---  
ED.

pris, and the verbs “avoir” and “être,” for which I received a shilling, and our daily little prayer, for which I received nothing,

“ Je vous salue, Marie pleine de grace !  
 “ Le seigneur est avec vous et Jésus le  
 “ fruit de vos entrailles est benit ! Sanite  
 “ Marie ! Mère de Dieu ! Priez pour  
 “ nous pauvres pécheurs maintenant et à  
 “ l’heure de notre mort\*.”

En voila assez du couvent!†—

\* I kneel before you gracious Mary ! The Father Almighty is with you, and Jesus the offspring of your womb is blessed ! Holy Mary ! Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners, now, and at the hour of death !

† Enough here, I think of the convent.—ED.



After two years residence, during all which time I stoutly resisted and abjured the holy Roman Catholic religion, I returned to a very uncomfortable home.

My sisters Amy and Fanny had both ran off;—One with Mr. Trench, the other with Mr. Woodcock. Paragon and Diana lived still in all their purity, but they were both very cross to me, which I felt the more from having been made so much of in Rouen, not only by the Abbess and her brother, who both shed tears on taking leave of me, but also by many of the parents and connections of my school-fellows, who had been kind enough to invite me to their houses.

I entreated my dear mother to look out

for some situation for me, and she procured me that of music mistress, or rather, to superintend the young ladies studies in music, at a certain elegant boarding school near Bayswater.

I only wish I could recollect the school mistress's name for I have good and sufficient reason to complain of her very illiberal and unfeeling conduct towards me. She was at that time rather a pretty delicate woman, and always wore white as did her scholars. Mine was a fatiguing duty, for I was required to keep my station, nailed to my chair, by the side of a piano-forte, in the music room, from nine till three every day, while the whole school

in turn, practised their dull lessons out of tune and out of time.

Though my head was often severely affected by this eternal unharmonious ginging in my ears, I endured it without a single complaint, and I defy them to point out any poor devil of a music mistress, who was ever more steady to her post, or attentive to her pupils. The English teacher was a little fat brandy-faced vulgar-looking woman, to whom the young ladies never shewed the slightest respect. To make amends, they were all frightened to death at the least sound of the little black French teacher's voice, who ruled them with a rod of iron. I, who had lived long enough in France, among French ladies to be a

tolerable judge of French manners, could not for the life of me help expressing my surprise one day to the English teacher, that the mistress should have placed a woman of the very lowest order, about young ladies of fashion.

The English woman thought I had misjudged the French teacher, but no one could have been mistaken in her, who like myself, had lived in good high bred French society. How this woman had picked up a little French grammar, I cannot guess, for her habits and expressions were the lowest and most common that can well be imagined. Policy is not my forte, I hate it, so it was easy for the French woman to read my heart, and perceive that I appre-

ciated her à sa juste valeur,\* and held her in notable contempt, therefore she hated me with her whole heart and soul, and easily contrived to render me perfectly wretched.

One night, when I had been at this academy about three months; a young lady who slept in the bed next to mine, was taken ill, and the French teacher entered our room, just as I had stepped out of bed en chemise, to offer my assistance. My full bosom was completely uncovered. The French woman fixed her penetrating eyes on it, with the severe scrutiny of a judge on the bench. I hastened to cover

\* Just for what she was worth.

it in much confusion. “Don’t cover your  
“bosom.” said the fury in French, “pray  
“don’t cover it, I have long been curious  
“to see your bosom, in order to ascertain  
“what I strongly suspected: that is not  
“the bosom of a virgin, vous êtes une fille,”  
said she, laying the deepest stress on the  
word *filles*, and screaming with revengeful  
passion—“vous êtes une fille qui a bien  
“fait ses farces en France ; je parierai ma  
“tête que vous êtes une fille!! et j’en dirai  
“autant à madame.”

The deep wound this wretch inflicted,  
the shame, indignation, and bitterness of  
feeling, she on that occasion excited in me,  
no time can erase from my memory. I  
was, God knows, innocent in thought and

word, and my heart as pure, as was my person from the touch of man ; yet, there I stood accused and condemned in the presence of the whole school, by the lowest order of French reptiles, on no other ground than the fulness of my bosom, which was the more remarkable, because of my very slender waist.

To any plausible though false accusation I had promptly, and perhaps, wittily replied, but I had enough of the dignity of woman about me, to offer no refutation here. I remained perfectly silent, trembling all over, with my heart beating and my cheek glowing, while my mouth became parched and feverish from the violence of my agitation. One of the young



ladies, in pity, handed me a glass of water. I passed a wretched night after the French fury had left me, which was not till she had made herself hoarser than usual by every insulting expression, and by which she vainly expected to provoke me to reply. Early in the morning I requested an interview with the fine lady of the house.

“ I have been cruelly insulted,” said I to her in a slow trembling voice.

She interrupted me to say she knew all ; that her French teacher was an accomplished woman, and she was persuaded had not said any thing worse of me than I richly deserved.

Bursting with pride and anger, I flew up stairs to my room, where having hasty-

ly put my clothes in my trunk I descended into the road by a back entrance from the garden, and returned to my parents to be harshly treated by my father, to whom I could not find courage to explain my reasons for running away from the school where my mother had placed me, and I merely assigned as a reason that I found it impossible to agree with the French teacher.

Ah! Dear, kind, gentle Abbess of St. Ursuline! little did you dream that your poor little favorite, who had slept in your arms, listened to your pure innocent conversation and been loved by you as your own child, would so soon be insulted and suspected of such degradation of vice

as we neither of us rightly understood, and mistaken for one belonging to a race of wretched outcasts whom we had scarcely even once encountered in the course of our lives.

Though deeply wounded, I was not disheartened, and hoping to be more fortunate for the time to come, I determined to seek out for another situation. I had, indeed, no choice, for my father assured me drily and harshly, that being nearly fourteen years of age, I must earn my livelihood, instead of eating the bread of my young brothers and sisters. Heaven knows, I ate but little of their bread, being subject to violent head aches, faintness, and pains in the side.

Dear sisters in affliction ! ye set of ma-  
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hogany coloured governesses and teachers in seminaries, martyrs to the rising generation, whose ideas must be taught to shoot amongst us though we die of it, from my heart I pity you, particularly if you have exercised your functions in the north of England, and happen to be *tant-soit peu poitrine*. \*

A lady, in Bedford Square, who had received a commission from Miss KetrIDGE of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to engage a teacher and music mistress under one, for her pupils at KetrIDGE House, was pleased to express herself “prepossessed with my appearance,” so I was hired. I felt my spirits sink very low on taking leave of my

\* Ever so little affected in the lungs.—ED.

dear mother, to go to this freezing atmosphere. Cold weather disagreed with me. I was in low miserable health, and I shuddered at the recollection of the unmerited insults I had received from the French teacher at Bayswater.

However, as there was no remedy, I armed myself with courage, and determined to do my best. I travelled two nights in the mail with the late Tom Sheridan, who was on his road, I think, to join Lord Moira in Edinburgh.

He was very attentive and respectful, and begged me to allow him to correspond with me. I told him if I had not wished to act rightly, I should not have gone to Newcastle, as I found no lack of admirers

in London, who wished to get me under their protection.

“ But I want to write you a brotherly letter, and give you good advice,” said Tom Sheridan. “ Well; write to me once at all events,” I replied, adding with my usual comical sort of frankness; “ I do want a love letter so very bad to send to Fanny, and read to her over and over again, to pay her for tiring me so with her cousin’s effusion, till I was forced to put it into the meat pye.” Tom Sheridan laughed violently, and asked me if I had never yet received a love letter.

“ Oh yes, a good many,” said I, “ only they were from quite strangers, and I never

opened them, but returned them untouched."

"By way of shewing yourself over virtuous," asked Tom Sheridan.

"No, but I am proud. My school fellows, in the convent, would have felt deeply insulted, if strangers would had addressed love letters to them slyly, and however unfortunate may be my situation, my school fellows loved me as their friend and sister, and I at least may emulate them.

"Well, but I am no stranger," said Tom Sheridan, and he promised to write me such a letter, as would not offend my pride.

It was midnight when I arrived at this northern academy for young ladies, the



freezing tall bonny mistress of which, was a maiden lady, for any thing I know to the contrary, aged fifty, and she called herself Miss Ketridge. It was on a Saturday night, and I was ushered, by a bare-footed nymph through a wet kitchen, which was being mopped clean for the following Sunday, into a large dismal parlour, where I was not welcomed the least in the world, but formally desired to take a seat at the supper table.

This being the very first time I had travelled by night in a public coach, I was completely overcome with fatigue, and unable to partake either of Miss Ketridge's small beer, which was very small indeed, or of her uninteresting little Dutch cheese.

A fat smiling young lady in a Scotch plaid dress, sat on the left of mine hostess, stitching away at a new shirt. Miss Ketridge presented her to me as Miss Macdougall, the English teacher, and desired her to put bye her work and eat her supper, and then accompany me to my bed room.

“ You will not be sorry to retire Miss Du Bochet,” was one of Miss Ketridge’s hospitable remarks, drawing up her long throat which was uncovered, and screwing up her lips which were like two bits of dry leather. “ I will point out to you, Miss Du Bochet,” continued the lady, “ your various duties to-morrow morning when you will be refreshed.”

I bowed, or rather nodded ; “ for it was

all nodding—nid, nid, noddy, noddy,” with me ever since I had been seated.

Miss Macdougall’s unsavoury meal was soon dispatched, when she arose, and with a smile, proposed to accompany me to my apartment. In less than ten minutes, I was in a profound sleep, after having humbly intreated not to be disturbed too early in the morning; because two nights and days, in such excessive cold, had quite worn me out.

Nevertheless, precisely at six the next morning, Miss Macdougall, in her green plaid, stood at the foot of my bed, desiring me to loose no time, as she had trespassed on Miss Ketridge’s commands, in

order to afford me the indulgence I had begged for.

“ If six o’clock is an indulgence at Christmas, after two nights in the mail, pray Miss Macdougall, what is your usual hour of rising ?” said I, rubbing my eyes and vainly trying to open them.

“ Miss Ketrige expects the teachers to be dressed and ready to attend prayers while the clock is striking the hour of six,” replied Miss Macdougall, at the same time, placing a small glimmering lamp, such as only served to make darkness visible, and then she left me to attend on her young pupils, in their dressing room, where I joined her as soon as I had contrived to open my eyes and put on my clothes.”

“ Have you made your bed ?” said Miss Macdougall, and answering in the negative, she told me that it was the established custom of Ketridge house, for both teachers and scholars to make their beds before they left their apartment.

“ Never mind,” said I, while my teeth chattered in my head, “ any thing to make my blood circulate, for I really fear that your northern climate will cause my death, but may I not even see a fire, before I turn house-maid.”

Oh ! dear no,” replied Miss Macdougall, shaking her head, and I went back to my room to obey orders, but my fingers were so completely numbed, that I made but a

poor business of it. Miss Macdougall entered just as I had finished my bed.

“That won’t do,” said she, “Oh! how lucky it is, that Miss Ketrige did not see that bed, she is so extremely particular.” Patience does wonders: I tried again, and felt satisfied with my improvement.

Then we went to prayers, and at last I was desired to seat myself at the foot of the breakfast table, opposite to Miss Macdougall.

Oh what a blessed sight was a large fire and something to eat and drink.

I soon dispatched my little roll, and then I begged to have a slice off the large loaf. Miss Ketrige exchanged significant

looks with her Scotch teacher. No matter, since my wish was complied with, for that was all I cared about. The bleak northern air, added to the very laudable scarcity and scantiness of provision at KetrIDGE academy, had given me an unusual appetite.

After breakfast, as the clock struck nine, I was commanded to place myself on a high stool in the school-room, at a distance from the fire, and listen to the miserable attempts of three gawkey Scotch girls to spell and read French, in rotation. At precisely eleven, Miss KetrIDGE entered the room, and presented me with a stiff gentleman's shirt to make, hinting at the perfect feasibility of a French teacher being



employed several ways at once, like the Pandians at Vauxhall.

“ I am very sorry to say that I do not understand needle work,” said I.

“ Mercy on me,” exclaimed the lady, “ what will become of you ! what have your parents to answer for.”

“ I will try and learn how to make a shirt, madam,” said I, “ although I never understood that as a French and music mistress, I should be so employed.”

“ And how do you propose passing your evenings ?” enquired the damsel.

“ After the young ladies retired to rest I hoped I should have had an hour to myself,” I replied.

“ Yet Miss Macdougall is satisfied to

employ herself in needle work till midnight," observed the school mistress.

To describe the petty torments and hardships I endured, would be difficult; vainly did I, while the children were croaking their vile French in my ears, in their broad Scotch accent, labour to become a model of shirt-making, or to excel in button holes; needle work was not my vocation, and my seat was perched up so far from the fire place, that I became numbed with cold. The scholars were most of them older than myself, although they appeared younger. A set of raw-boned illiterate Scotch girls, who had scarcely heard a word of French spoken in their lives, till I came amongst them to

make a fashionable academy out of Miss Ketridge's boarding school for grown up dunces.

Once Miss Ketridge and her teacher laid their heads together and formed a plan to shame me out of eating more than the little flat roll. This was done by placing a loaf of six or eight pounds on my plate, and then tittering and laughing at one another, when I came to the table. A stranger, in ill health, and in a raw cold place, I felt for a moment rather forlorn ; few very young people can endure ridicule unmoved, however undeserved. I am, however, of a contented disposition.

I had tried to do my duty in this un hospitable mansion, and would not despond,

so on second thoughts, I thanked Miss Ketridge for her attention in making me such ample amends for her former scarcity of allowance, then observing their sneers and giggling, I shook my head at them, whilst helping myself to a thick slice.

‘ ’Tis a brilliant invention, ladies,” said I, “but you see it won’t answer, as I never will be the simpleton to quarrel with my bread and butter.”

I cannot describe what I endured on a dancing day, from cold, during that severe winter, dressed up in a muslin gown, and seated stock still in a long room, with eight large windows where the fire was lighted only once a week, and that, at the very moment we entered ; yet, I armed

myself with patience, and remained six months in the north, but health may not be commanded. By this time I was afflicted with a severe and constant cough, and my nose was drawn in, like a person's in a deep decline ; in short, I looked so truly miserable and forlorn, sewing away at my hard shirt, that even Miss Ketridge at length was softened, and sent for the apothecary to prescribe something for my increasing cough, but when he mentioned warm milk from the cow and early hours, she advised me to consult him no more, assuring me that too much sleep was very injurious, and that as my real friend, she must beg me to perfect myself in the femi-

nine necessary accomplishment of needle-work.

“ Why are there so many gentlemen’s shirts about this virgin’s abode ?” said I to Miss Macdougall one day, and was informed that she was quite a miser, and took in shirts to make.

I grew worse and worse, and was at length forced to take my place in the mail for London, I had received several long friendly letters from Tom Sheridan, who advised me to go on the stage. My face was the best stage face for tragedy, after Mrs. Siddons, whom he was polite enough to say I much resembled ; and then the tones of my voice, he said, were well adapted for tragedy. He only wished to

hear me read Shakespeare, in order to form a more decided opinion of my talents. If he found them equal to his expectations, he promised me all his father's best assistance, to get me well introduced and brought out at Drury Lane.

Tom Sheridan's letters were truly friendly, and I felt that I had excited his best and most benevolent feelings in my behalf, because, said he, "if others do not take care of you, I feel sure that you are the last person in the world to take care of yourself."

I feared it would be impossible to get rid of my natural shyness, or find nerve for appearing on the stage; however, such was my fixed abhorrence and dread



of schools, that I resolved to try, and after I had been a short time at home, I prevailed on my mother, to permit me to read a passage in Shakespeare to Tom Sheridan, who had returned to London a short time before I left Newcastle.

She had the less scruple in doing so, because his letters were so very kind and brotherly, and we had known Tom Sheridan, with Lord Craven, and his brother Berkeley, all our lives, in consequence of their living in sight of our house, and passing it constantly.

Tom Sheridan was quite delighted with my reading Shakespeare, and discovered that I had a turn for low comedy, as well as a beautiful voice for tragedy. But

when I managed a sort of costume to play Falstaff, with a pillow shut up in the coachman's large waistcoat he laughed till he absolutely cried, without being able to alter a muscle of my countenance, so much had I identified myself in the character, whilst he read the part of King Henry, and I knew Falstaff, as far as manners went, was always a gentleman, and would not have laughed at his own wit or humour. I could not have done this if I had been the least in love with Tom Sheridan, but as that was not the case, and as I was play mad, I made an effort, and the encouragement I got, at length gave me confidence.

Sheridan afterwards assured me that he had not the smallest doubt of my ultimate

success in any thing very tragic and pathetic, or very comic. My mother having such a large family, would have fain consented, rather than have me pine away in a school, seeing that a sedentary life would never agree with my health, but when it was mentioned to my father, he fell into a violent passion, and declared he would rather see me in my grave.

My reflections were now melancholy, my prospects a blank. And must I drag on a forlorn existence—so reasoned I at fifteen—and teach children Clementi's lessons, and the verbs "avoir," and "être," from fifteen to fifty years of age, and then to retire withered and still more forlorn, to a work house?—And is it meant by

nature that I should pass away from this world without having loved and been beloved? Why then does my heart glow with sensibility and tenderness?—Why is this ardent desire to love with all my soul and all my strength implanted in my nature? What chance on earth have I of marrying a man of polished refinement? and well I feel the impossibility of attaching myself to any other. Who will scale the walls of any of these high dried academies, to propose marriage to me? The confinement will soon bring on a decline, and then will this pretty person of mine wither in solitude, till it is changed to a hideous skeleton! No, I cannot “teach the young idea to shoot,” death even were preferable.

These ideas had been tormenting me for three months, during which time I was almost daily reproached by my father for living in idleness and “eating the bread of my younger sisters and brothers,” although I knew he was not so poor as he was stingy, when I once hoped to give him an agreeable surprise, for I loved my father almost romantically, and deep, indeed, was the wound his harshness inflicted.

There was an ancient Swiss dish which he had once cooked himself, in my presence, as a curiosity, I had watched him with great attention, and one night when he was expected home to supper, I took infinite pains to prepare this dish, and succeeded. His supper was ready at my usual bed

time ten o'clock, but I was so afraid it would get cold or spoiled that I sat up till his return, to watch it, and got soundly boxed on the ears, pour commencer.

Nothing can be done with me by blows, I hate them, and I swore immediately to leave my wretched uncomfortable home, on the following day. My dear mother would forgive me, and visit me. Of that I felt sure, for she knew I should soon die if she forsook me, and for my father, strong indignation, at that moment, hardened my heart against him. I loved no one amongst those who sought to seduce me, but the Cravens were our near neighbours, and old acquaintances, and they were gentlemen. I

was less afraid of them than any other men,  
so I became the mistress of Lord Craven.  
“ And there I was on the Marine Parade,  
“ where Lord Craven was kind enough to  
“ draw cocoa trees, and black men for  
“ my amusement, but my readers have  
“ read all this before.”



## TO THE PUBLIC

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London, January, 1830.

It is but fair to state of a man who has been so harshly dealt by, that Mr. Stockdale, as my publisher, conducted himself towards me liberally and honestly.

At the same time, I must, in justice to myself declare that in the latter part of my Memoirs, independent of much extraneous matter being introduced, under the head of *my* Memoirs, which never belonged to them, and for which *I* have been reproached; many expressions have been put into my mouth, which never issued from *my* pen.

It is, therefore, to prevent a recurrence of the like annoyance, that I am compelled to acquaint the public, that Mr. Stockdale *has* now published nearly the whole part of my Memoirs which *I wrote* and sold to him in M. S.

Some few *pages* may yet remain in his hands, but I should imagine, indeed, I am almost positive that of *my composition*, he cannot have sufficient to form a single number or part of a volume, such as was at first sold for half a crown.

The M. S. of the remaining *unpurchased* and consequently *unpublished* parts, about half a dozen in number

TO THE PUBLIC.

have not been *out of*, and are still *in* my possession, and without intention, at present, on my part, of being given to the public.

I give this information very reluctantly, as I should be truly sorry, to injure the father of a family, of whom, with the above exception, I have no cause to complain.

## P R E F A C E.

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A SKETCH-BOOK or light novel was what an illustrious, and in my opinion, very amiable nobleman strongly recommended me to write, a few years ago, instead of a comedy. A gentleman belonging to the company of Edinburgh Reviewers, whom I consulted as to its merits, favored me with the following reply to my letter :

“ Madam,

“ I have many apologies to make for not having answered your letter sooner; yet, however, not to miss an opportunity of writing a letter of encouragement, after my former one of criticism; the plan you mention of a Novel or Work, like the Sketch-book, is, I think, very promising, and as far as I can judge, very well adapted to your talents. The risk and annoyance incidental to publications, are always less than that of dramatic adventure, and the profits, in case of success much greater. In case of publication, the knowledge that it was written by you, would insure a sale, so that at least people would

be forced to pay you before they could abuse; whereas, in bringing out a play, the managers may get all the profit, and the author nothing but the abuse. I don't know that I can say any more or give any serviceable advice. Go on and prosper, and may you find Apollo and Parnassus, to the full as pleasant as Venus and Idalia,

“ Yours, &c. &c.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_”

The writer of the above, is a well known whig from principle, a poet by inclination, a dramatist from taste, whose compositions were unfortunately untasted by the

public ; an atheist, par excellence, and a very gouty subject, malgré lui.

I have, at length, resolved, to present to the public, such a Work as recommended, which, however, is chiefly founded on facts.

Fanchette, the little French repasseuse, who is introduced in the first volume, had resided in Italy with an Italian nobleman, whose real name I have concealed under that of St. Bétise, when she hired herself to me, in Paris, as my waiting-woman, in January 1828. Fanchette referred me to her late master and mistress for her character, and it was on that occasion that I first visited the lovely Marchesa, whose noble husband having been banished from Italy

by the Pope, at the instigation of her uncle the Cardinal \* \* \* \* they had travelled to Paris, and resided in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix.

I was so struck with the beauty of the Marchesa St. Bétise, that I prevailed upon my new waiting-woman Fanchette, to relate to me whatever she knew about her late charming mistress. The girl was very intelligent, and spoke Italian fluently.

While travelling tête-à-tête with her in my carriage from Paris to Dieppe, we conversed constantly on the subject of the Marchesa, and the society about her, particularly of her ladyship's uncle, the Cardinal . . . .



The story of Laura, I believe to be true, but it does not regard the Marchesa St. Bétise's uncle. The affair happened in Germany.

The Marchesa St. Betise, is, by birth, a Spanish woman.

The young Prince Orazio died a few days after the Marquis St. Bétise had been banished from his castle, which was not situated in Naples, but in another part of Italy.

The summer house, the signal gun, intrigues, duels, &c. have been all so accurately and humourously described to me by Fanchette over and over again, as to leave no doubt on my own mind as to the exact truth of every circum-

stance ; and they were corroborated by a letter of the young Prince's, addressed to his fair mistress, which Fanchette had found sewed up in the hem of the Lady St. Bé-tise's morning dress, and had stolen from her. It was written in French, and I took a copy of it, which my readers will find in my Second Volume translated verbatim.

The little Marquis is described with simple truth. Fanchette, I am convinced, did not *broder* or high colour his character. She delighted to describe what she had seen in Italy, and I could not but be amused by her lively animated discourse. Her descriptions were free from either malice or benevolence. Neither of us were likely to meet with her Italian friends

again, and it was now her business to amuse her new mistress, and beguile the time away as we travelled together.

Premeditated falsehood is easily detected, and as Fanchette's descriptions bore the stamp and character of truth in all trifling details, which led naturally to the matter, I give, therefore, the St. Bétise anecdotes to the world as facts, with a clear conscience and entire persuasion of their truth.

Alberto is a high coloured sketch of a gentleman's character now in England.

I have concealed the name of the noble mother of Napoleon Bonaparte's natural son, under that of Countess de Polignac. I was not acquainted with her, but I once

passed some months in the country, near her chateau, where I heard much good of her, and Napoleon's son dined frequently at my house. She seldom visits Paris now, but in the country keeps up all the splendour and *éclat* of her rank, which is superior to what I have assigned to her, by acts of benevolence to the poor, and hospitality to the rich.

Monsieur and Madame St. Sauveur, with their daughter, resided in Lyons in 1798, I have not disguised their names, having taken the account from a french newspaper.

I have so far, however, varied the real story, as to make Ligonía the half, instead of the whole brother, and I have made

some other trifling alterations which would destroy the interest of the narrative prematurely to anticipate in a preface.

It may be worth relating, as a curious fact, altho' purely a matter of chance, that after murdering his brother, Ligonja entered the Russian service as a private soldier, in which capacity he so often and signally distinguished himself that he was promoted to high rank, and in 1814, upon the occupation of Lyons by the Cossacks, he was absolutely billeted in his native town, upon his orphan niece's house!!

Having however changed his name, and being greatly altered by grief and service, he was not after such a lapse of time recognized by any one. Count Drognichieff

commanded the regiment of Cossacks in which Ligonía served.

To the curious, or lovers of research, it may be satisfactory to mention that I have disguised the real name of "Ivancheff," which he bore in the Russian service, under that of Ligonía.

Anglo Neapolitans may, perhaps, recognise an acquaintance in the Countess Diabolo. I believe she is not yet dead.

The Comtessa Lorenza is alive, but is cured of way-laying lovers in the dark.

Jacques Tracasse is taken from a living character on the continent, who much amused me.

As the English characters which the Page Eugenio describes in his letters

from London, are sketched from nature, they will, of course, resemble those of many persons in high life.

After declaring that I mean no offence, I have only to add, that whoever may hit upon a cap to fit him, is welcome to wear it, whether it be adorned with "laurels," or "long ears."

"HONI SOI QUI MAL Y PENSE."

If amongst various others, I have intruded a sketch of my own character drawn with impartial truth, as far as I am a judge, it is, as I conceive, but a piece of common justice to myself, considering the virulence and disgusting slander which has been published on my subject-

True, I have in my Memoirs exposed



many truths, which for the honor of our aristocracy, it had been desirable to have kept secret ; but I have traduced no character by such FALSE calumnies as have been practised against myself. I, however, forgive all freely, and would not have introduced the matter here, but by way of apology for the intrusion of my own character amongst Eugenio's sketches of life and manners in London.

My object has been to keep as near to facts as possible, and to draw varied and spirited dramatic scenes, such as are likely to enliven and interest an invalid or a weary traveller, no matter at what Chapter he might open my book. I have endea-

voured to avoid all prosy heavy descriptions in a work of this light nature.

“ Il fault un peu de tout dans ce bas monde,” and there appears to me to be no lack of learned books out already, professing morality, and pressing the reader to “ read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” as much of them as convenient.

My only chance, then, of benefitting mankind, with my humble abilities, is to offer to the sick, the indolent, and unlearned, a work they can understand, and will be at the trouble of reading, instead of having recourse to some less harmless amusements.

I am aware that objections may be made to this work on the score of the various

intrigues it describes. I hope, however, that whoever has read *Gil Blas* with pleasure, will not affect to be shocked at descriptions, at least as delicate and modest, as any contained in that most popular work.

If I have described the errors and vices incidental to humanity, if I have not painted all my females virtuous, and in Italy too, professing as I do to draw from nature, yet has their dereliction from virtue been invariably punished.

Triumphant vice is no where set forth.

The errors of the Lady St. Bétise are the cause of much misery to herself, and disorder in her family.

Laura witnessed as shocking a sight, as

could for punishment be inflicted on a mother.

The young Prince Orazio pays dearly for the indulgence of his guilty passion.

Alberto is a frank libertine who deceives no body, and possesses a thousand redeeming qualities, but Gil Blas is a cowardly knave, whose vices and dishonesty are rewarded by riches, and every honor being heaped on his head. I, therefore, humbly hope, my work is the more moral of the two.

As to plot, it is what I fear I have no sort of taste or talent for, and the reader may despise my faint brief attempt in that department, without the possibility

of making me think worse of myself than I have always done hitherto.

I shall be more than satisfied, I shall be proud, if in spite of the faults, inconsistencies, and irregularities of all kinds which abound more in my work than almost any other, it yet is found to amuse, by its spirit, its originality, or effect, those who are either too unwell, or too indolent for more serious study ; and as we are one and all occasionally placed in some of these predicaments, I humbly hope, that this my first work of imagination, will find favor ; if it does, CLARA GAZUL may, perhaps, one day, continue her adventures, but if in these Three Volumes ~~s~~HE has failed to amuse, you will hear no

more of HER—Not so the authoress, who will try again and again if life be spared her, because of her faith and belief that she was born to please you, and is bound to fulfill her destination.

To conclude, I shall feel grateful to any Editor or Reviewer who will be at the trouble of freely animadverting on the defects of my Novel, because I have the desire to improve, and I hope to benefit by impartial criticism.

CLARA A GAZUL,





# CLARA GAZUL,

OR

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

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## CHAP. I.

### MY BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

MY mother, Dona Euphrasia, was bred to the stage, so was my grandmother. My mother had made her successful début at Madrid, ten years before I was born,

“ On ne connoit pas toujours son pere, c'est un malheur\*.”

I was sent to a distant country to be nursed, and my mother continued her dissipated career. Luckily, I fell into kind hands. My

\* One does not always know who one's father is;—this is a misfortune.—EDITOR.

nurse, Agnes, loved me; she was a young French woman, whose infant had been born dead.

When I had attained my fifth year, my mother sent for me, and being struck with my beauty, began to speculate on the rich harvest it promised to her insatiable avarice.

To be brief, masters were provided for me, and no expense spared to render me an accomplished woman.

My nurse was hired to attend on me. My mother's violent temper and profligate habits, disgusted us both, whilst our affection for each other increased daily.

One night, soon after I had attained my fourteenth year, my nurse called me into her room, when throwing her arms about my neck, she burst into tears.

I soon learned from Agnes, that I was destined for a victim of prostitution. She had overheard a conversation between Euphrasia and the rich Señor Don Gonzales, into whose

arms I was shortly to be delivered for a stipulated sum of money.

Our resolution was soon taken; death itself had been preferred by me to the hideous Don Gonzales.

We passed the whole night in arranging our flight, and early next morning beheld us already on the road, journeying towards France, with a small basket of provisions, a few ducats, the property of my nurse, and in the complete costume of two French peasants. We had such a dread of being overtaken, that we pursued our journey with great swiftness on foot, or any humble conveyance that fell in our way. In less than three weeks we passed the frontiers, and arrived at Lyons, exhausted and penniless.

I was a high spirited girl, and too proud of my liberty to despond. Among other accomplishments which I had acquired under my mother's roof, I excelled on the guitar, and my voice was remarkably sweet Agnes, had

brought my instrument slung across her shoulders. Take courage, my dear Agnes, said I, I can sing and play, and we will tell our story to some kind lady, who will pity us.

Alas! my poor child, said Agnes, it is for you I grieve, who are so delicate, your poor little feet are bleeding, your shoes are worn out, and your clothes are torn: we must sell the guitar, since we have not the means wherewith to procure a single meal. I have bread and fruit in my basket, said I, with the buoyant spirit of extreme youth; let us seek out some shady retreat near a river, where we can bathe our feet and refresh ourselves.

It was on a delicious evening, in the month of July, quitting the town; on the left, a winding lane led us to a most inviting spot, where, having unbound my hair, Agnes began to arrange it in decent folds about my head, while I bathed my feet in a clear brook that murmured amongst the trees.

Our simple toilette concluded, we began to

refresh ourselves with the contents of my basket, and forgot for a moment the forlornness of our situation. Night was advancing when our merriment was interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps approaching us. Imagine our dismay, when four athletic male figures, with beards and moustachios of a tremendous growth, stood grinning before us, habited in a strange costume, such as we had never before beheld. The language of these wild looking beings was unintelligible, although my nurse had taught me to speak French almost as well as Spanish. The most hideous of them seemed to be expressing his admiration at the beauty of my hair and features, and another forcibly pressed his lips to mine.

I threw myself on my knees in dreadful alarm; Agnes tried to protect me, but was fiercely thrown aside. The savages surrounded me, and appeared to contend and quarrel among themselves. At this moment, a figure of

exquisite manly beauty, suddenly made his appearance from behind some trees.

He addressed our tormentors in a commanding voice, and in their own language.

They immediately desisted, and saluted the stranger, as soldiers salute their chief.

You will protect us, said I, in Spanish, throwing myself at the feet of the handsome stranger, and raising my eyes beseechingly to his face.

He answered me in good Spanish, and the melancholy tone of his voice, added to the extraordinary beauty of his countenance, made that deep impression on my sanguine imagination, which no time or absence could efface. The stranger wore the same foreign style of dress or uniform, as that of the men, but of a finer texture. He apologised for the alarm his men had occasioned us, and informed us that his name was Ligonía, that they were a party of Cossacks under his command, and



quartered at Lyons; he then proposed protecting us to our home.

In a very few words, Agnes acquainted Captain Ligonía with the history of my life.

Poor child, said he, in a tone of compassion, I will endeavour to procure you some female friend, although, I am, myself, a stranger in this town: in the mean time, let us proceed towards the nearest inn, where I will place you under the care of the hostess, and make myself accountable for your expenses.

Overcome by fatigue, gratitude, and a variety of other sensations, I was nearly sinking at the feet of the stranger, who supported me with great kindness. His expressive face was pale as death, deep melancholy seemed to have stamped its seal for ever, on the finest of all human countenances. His age, I guessed, might be thirty-five, or thereabouts, his eyes were sunk, but their fire was not extinguished.

I had never received a lesson on propriety

and knew not how to hide from the handsome stranger, the impression he had made on feelings, warm as my native climate, aided by the deep gratitude which his services so justly inspired.

When Captain Ligonía had succeeded in calming my agitation, and recommended us to the care of our landlady, he took his leave, promising to return on the following morning

Thank God! for our good fortune, said Agnes, as soon as we were alone; we are in luck's way, my child, and though thrown on the wide world, we need not despair, since we are both young and willing to exert ourselves. We gathered from our friendly hostess, that Captain Ligonía, with his friend the Count Drognichief, lived with a rich widow-lady, whose name was de Fleury, and that people talked of a match between Mademoiselle Fleury, and the young Russian Count.

We enquired if Captain Ligonía was a Russian by birth ?

No one knows, replied our hostess, as the Captain speaks so many languages in perfection. He is, indeed, she continued, a most accomplished gentleman, highly esteemed by all who know him, rich or poor, yet is he ever a prey to the most desponding melancholy. But you are fatigued ; my children, said she, observing that Agnes' head was nodding ; then leading us to our comfortable apartment, she bade us good night, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

## CHAP. II.

I MAKE KIND FRIENDS, AND BECOME CELEBRATED  
FOR MY SKILL IN MUSIC.

THE next morning the gay carriage of the rich widow, drove up to the door of the inn, from whence alighted Madame de Fleury, and her daughter, the dashing, graceful Mademoiselle Rosa.

Oh ! Qu'elle est jolie ! qu'elle est belle ! exclaimed both at once.

How old are you, child ? Are you really a Spanish girl born and bred ? and thus they continued to question me, till at length, having obtained my whole history from Agnes, Madame de Fleury invited us to step into her carriage. We were set down at her beautiful residence, situated half a league from Lyons.

\* Ah ! how pretty she is ! how beautiful ! —ED.

After Madame de Fleury had recommended Agnes to the care of her first waiting woman, Bertram, she invited me into the drawing room. I hesitated at first to enter in my simple dress, or rather disguise, but Rosa seized my hand, and presenting me to the young Russian Count, who sat reading on a sofa, soon made him acquainted with my romantic adventures.

After some indifferent conversation, Madame de Fleury spoke to me as follows :

I have under my protection, the niece of a dear friend. The poor young creature is deranged, but she has her intervals of reason, and is at all times perfectly harmless. Her physician has lately recommended me to seek out a lively young person to attend her as her companion, believing that she is disposed to the study of music.

Does the young lady inhabit this house ? I asked.

Madame de Fleury pointed to a small, neat white building, at the bottom of her large gar-

den, and replied, Mademoiselle St. Sauveur, and her two nurses, have for some time occupied that summer house, and she then promised to introduce me to the poor invalid on the first opportunity.

Captain Ligonía made his appearance just before dinner was announced, he warmly expressed his satisfaction at finding me under the protection of Madame de Fleury, and conversed with much kindness on various subjects. He was the most sensible man I had ever met with; every body seemed to hang on his words, and delight in his conversation.

Madame de Fleury, as soon as we had dined, asked him if he would like to hear his little protégée sing a song, and on his expressing the pleasure he should experience at witnessing my performance, I was seized with a fit of trembling.

Love, all powerful love, however, soon furnished me with the tact of a more advanced age. The plaintive air I choose, was in



unison with the melancholy tone of Ligonia's mind. I saw him brush a tear from his pale cheek, at sight of which, my voice died away in notes of such softness that all were touched by it; then observing the effort that Ligonia made to recover his serenity, I struck up a merry madrigol, for which spirited performance, I had been much admired in my native country. Bravo! Bravo! was reiterated from every one in the room, and Captain Ligonia for an instant seemed to forget his deep melancholy, to smile at my efforts to amuse him.

It was late when I was permitted to retire with my nurse Agnes, to whom I related the proposal that had been made to me by Madame de Fleury to offer myself as companion to the unhappy young lady who inhabited the white building in the garden.

We soon fell fast asleep, and did not awake until Bertram, Madame de Fleury's woman, tapped at our door. She came by her ladies' desire to accompany me to the dress makers, and pro-



cure for me a fashionable change of ready-made clothes that I might appear like a young lady of education.

Passing through the church-yard on our way to the dress-makers, we saw Captain Ligonía; he was examining the magnificent tomb which had been, as I was afterwards told, erected to the memory of Monsieur and Madame St. Sauveur, the parents of the poor deranged young lady Isabelle.

This tomb was said to be a master-piece of sculptural beauty, and attracted the admiration of all foreigners. As we approached it, I was struck with the deadly paleness of Captain Ligonía's face; he merely bowed to us and hurried away.

I was soon equipped in a neat white muslin dress, and large silk morning bonnet; Mrs. Bertram chose for my evening costume, a black satin dress with tight bodice, after the Spanish fashion, which set off my delicate waist to the

greatest advantage; although scarcely fifteen years of age, I was tall, and though slender, was so far formed as to have been mistaken for eighteen, judging me only by my person, whilst my face was that of an intelligent child.

My features were regular, but my eyes were my chief beauty, than which none could be more expressive of strong sense and arch humour: their brightness was tempered by the sensibility that glowed in my heart.

Few loved truth and abhorred deception of every species more than myself, who had been so greatly disgusted with my mother's habit of hypocrisy.

Of religion I had heard seldom tell, except when my nurse had taught me to pronounce a short prayer on my knees, night and morning.

My reading had been chiefly confined to a few Spanish romances, yet I was not entirely unacquainted with French literature.

The French language delighted me, and I

spoke it like my mother tongue. But I will not dwell on my good or bad qualities, since my actions will best speak for me, and I beg pardon for this digression.

## CHAP. III.

I AM ENGAGED AS THE COMPANION OF A YOUNG  
LADY OF UNSOUND MIND ; SOME ACCOUNT OF  
CAPTAIN LIGONIA.

HAVING purchased all the necessary little requisites to complete my morning and evening costume, and render it worthy the society of Madame de Fleury, we retraced our steps homewards ; I found Mademoiselle Rosa in her dressing-room, she had just returned from riding with the young Count, who (as I soon learnt) had proposed, and been accepted as her future husband.

Come here and let me look at you, said Rosa, and having examined me at all points, she grew jealous, and confessed as much : an heiress is apt to be frank.

Madame de Fleury, in the course of that day, introduced me to Doctor Lambert, who was the

poor deranged young lady's physician; and he addressed me in about these terms.

“Hearing Mademoiselle that you are willing to offer your services to this afflicted and interesting young lady, I beg permission to acquaint you with a few particulars of her case, which happened in Italy.

The parents of Mademoiselle St. Sauveur were my best friends. The death of Monsieur St. Sauveur was a shock which caused Madame St. Sauveur to be seized with the pangs of premature labour, and she died three hours after her child saw the light, but not until she had intreated me to watch over the poor orphan's health and happiness. Madame de Fleury, as her last surviving connexion, was chosen guardian of the young lady's fortune.

No symptoms of insanity had been remarked in Isabelle, until she had attained her tenth year. The poor thing, now believes herself skilled in foretelling events; but, I still hope to restore this lovely, and afflicted young lady to society,

if I can only divert her mind, or fix it to some kind of study. I have said enough to you Miss Clara, and will now introduce you into her closet. I was accordingly conducted into a small apartment adjoining Isabelle's sitting-room; at the first sound of my voice and guitar, Isabelle flew to the closet, she wore a simple white robe fastened round the waist by a ribbon, her light brown hair fell below her girdle, her cheeks were pale, and the unnatural fire of madness glowed in her eyes; she examined me with intense interest, stood at some distance from me, in the attitude of listening, with one of her delicate fairy fingers held up; I struck a few chords and murmured the first stanza of a Spanish hymn, Isabelle listened with rapture; I ceased suddenly, and gently slung my guitar across her shoulders; she eagerly examined it, struck the chords with her fingers, and then returned it me in disgust at the unharmonious sounds she had produced; knelt down at my feet, and fixed her eyes beseechingly on my face. I raised her,

noded assent, and tried the effect of a livelier air, she appeared to understand the very soul of music.

We will live together Isabelle, said I, laying down my instrument, we will sing together, and I will be your companion.

Your destiny does not lie with mine, said poor Isabelle, there is a fatality against it, she continued, something tells me that I shall one day destroy your peace of mind; I have seen you in my dreams, but I have odd thoughts and fancies. There are times when, as now, I recollect all the incoherent things I have said and done, and then I weep, oh! 'tis shocking to know that we have seen in our minds eye, what in fact is no where else visible; to be aware that one is watched and chained up like a wild beast, nay more, (continued Isabelle looking wildly about her, and pressing her hand on her forehead) "to feel that confusion here, which renders such bondage necessary:"

Oh, how shocking! I exclaimed in the tone of genuine pity.



I have seen a murderous hand raised against my life; I have seen blood flow, and the earth bestrewed with mangled human frames!! . . . . I have seen all this, and know it was but the vision of a disordered mind.

They will pass away as dreams, said I, (putting my arms round poor Isabelle's neck and kissing her) these are fearful fancies, but we will charm them away with music.

Do you not fear me then? she asked.

And why so my sweet delicate sister, I replied, even though some shocking phantoms do disturb your mind? you shall learn of me to touch the light guitar, and we will live together.

I passed the whole of the day with Isabelle, and at parting delighted her by my promise to return to her the next morning.

I found my nurse Agnes in high spirits, Albert, the Count Drognichieff's gentleman, had been very particular in his attentions to her; and she believed him to be an excellent young man.

I eagerly changed the subject, to enquire when she had seen Captain Ligonía?

Poor dear gentleman, said Agnes; I have just been talking about him to Monsieur Albert.

And what said Monsieur Albert? I asked eagerly.

The substance of what Agnes had gathered from the Count's servant Albert, was simply this. "That about fourteen years back, when the Count was a mere child, Ligonía had entered the regiment of cossacks, to which his father belonged as a private soldier, where, by his bravery and talents, he had immediately distinguished himself, and was soon promoted to the rank of captain; that higher honors had been tendered to him which he had declined. He spoke the Russian language without foreign accent, but as he had perfected himself in so many others, no one knew for certain from whence he came; that his grace and beauty had captivated the Count's sister; that his father who owed his life to the courage and generosity of Ligonía,

had desired to promote the match, provided he would have explained who and what he was, which Ligonía had refused to do, declaring that he should never marry under any possible circumstance; that he was adored by every soldier in the regiment to which he had attached himself, for his noble courage, charity and benevolence; that he seemed to be from the first independent in his circumstances, but so deeply oppressed with melancholy, as to endure existence only that he might lighten the hardships of the poor soldiers he commanded.

The deep interest I had before felt for Ligonía was increased to enthusiasm, by Agnes's account of his virtues and courage; and I was vexed to find that I could no longer keep her awake, to delight me with every trifling particular which she had gathered from her new admirer Albert.

## CHAP. IV.

A SENTIMENTAL SCENE WITH A COLD LOVER ;—  
I RECEIVE A DANGEROUS WOUND FROM THE HAND  
OF A LADY.—CAPTAIN LIGONIA RETURNS INTO  
RUSSIA.—MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE FLEURY ;  
I ACCOMPANY HER TO NAPLES ; SOME ACCOUNT  
OF MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

BUT few events occurred during the next four or five weeks: my performance on the guitar, had, by this time, got me in vogue at Lyons, where nothing was talked of but the Spanish girl and her guitar; and every body's balls or assemblies were considered not worth attending, unless Madame Fleury would bring her protégée to play one little song, and accompany it with her beautiful voice.

From the first day of my attendance on Isabelle, her health was said to improve. I was

her companion and music mistress, and her progress was rapid.

I saw Captain Ligonía, daily, and melancholy as he was, I could not help flattering myself that he liked my society. Those were indeed delightful moments to me, who loved for the first time, with all the impassioned ardour that my nature was capable of.

I was roused from my happy dream by the unwelcome news that Captain Ligonía proposed shortly returning to Russia, in consequence of the breaking up of the army of occupation that year (1818.)

On his naming this resolution to me, I burst into tears. We were alone; Ligonía soothed me in terms of the gentlest pity; he could not be blind to the sentiments he had inspired, and he was too frank to affect ignorance on the subject.

Clara, said he, feelingly, you see before you an unhappy man, whose heart is dead to love, and whose mind is subdued by a weight of an-

guish which renders existence a burthen to him ; it has not, however, made me so callous, but that I can still desire to promote the welfare of one so young, so lovely, and so deserted.

As I listened to Ligonias discourse, my tears fell unheeded down my cheeks.

I would fain be as a parent or a brother to you Clara, continued he, pressing my hand, and looking at me with tenderness, but my mind is so disturbed. I cannot direct you ; yet, I do believe, you love me, Clara, and your affection may be proved towards me in a way to afford me much comfort. Attend to the little counsel I can offer you ; subdue your passions ; acquire the command of them as you would save yourself from crime and destruction. We may meet again, Clara. Let me find you a respected, useful member of society.

And will you smile kindly on me, if you hear, that unaided by a single friend, I shall have subdued my passions, and learnt to merit the esteem of the wise and the good ?



Alas ! Clara, save in bitterness of spirit, I shall never, I fear, smile again.

Oh ! What hope will support me then ? said I, sobbing aloud : Who, in this dreary world, where I am a stranger, shall speak comfort to me ?

Vainly would you come to me for comfort, poor Clara, said Ligonía, while his beautiful countenance, bore the fixed character of despair.

I will be all you wish, continued I. If I live and preserve my senses, I will never love you less than at this moment.

And suppose you were to discover that your affections had been fixed on a man whose vices were . . . . .

I can suppose no vice, I could not pardon in you Ligonía, I interrupted.

Clara, you have soothed some of my bitterest feelings, and rendered me for a moment less wretched : we may meet, perhaps, when you least expect it. Of one thing, be certain,



that I shall not cease to interest myself for your happiness. Let me hope that my advice has been of service to one of my fellow-creatures.

Ligonia refused to be more communicative, as to what chance I had of ever meeting him again. When he was about to take leave of me, I wept bitterly.

May God bless you, Clara! Pray for me, poor Clara, said he, and he was going; a phantom obstructed his path! Isabelle stood before him, pale as a corpse; her attitude was menacing, her eyes darted fire, and her hair was dishevelled. This sudden apparition seemed to appal the very soul of Ligonia, who uttered a deep groan. On a sudden, Isabelle snatched up a pruning knife which the gardener had accidentally left in her path, and aimed it, with the quickness of thought, at the breast of Ligonia, whose face was covered with his hands, as if to shut out from his sight some terrific object.

I sprang forward, and throwing myself on Ligonia's bosom, received the intended death wound

for him in my shoulder. At sight of the blood, which flowed from the wound, Isabelle's loud screams brought both servants and neighbours to my assistance. Let the reader judge of their surprise and consternation at the scene which presented itself.

Ligonia was on his knees, his features covered with a deadly paleness, was employed in endeavouring to stop with his handkerchief the blood which flowed from my wound.

As I shortly afterwards fell into a deep swoon, I cannot describe what followed.

On coming to my senses, I found myself in bed, Agnes and the physican were watching by my side. For several days, I was not permitted to speak: my wound was dangerous, but the excellence of my constitution aided my recovery.

As soon as I was permitted to converse, I gathered the following particulars from Agnes. The doctor had forgotten to fasten the door of Isabelle's apartment, who finding herself at liberty, had

wandered towards that part of the garden where we stood. No one could account for those symptoms of horror and abhorrence which she evinced at the sight of Ligonía. Conjectures were fruitless, since Ligonía had served in Russia nearly as long as Isabelle had been born. The attempt she had made on his life could, therefore, only be attributed to the sudden freak of a maniac.

Poor Isabelle was consequently more closely watched than usual. On being questioned why she attempted such a crime, she had shewn so much agitation, and spoken so wildly, that the physician had thought it prudent, to change the subject, and her attendants were forbidden to recur to it.

Ligonía, who was still an inmate of Madame de Fleury, as soon as I was permitted to converse, took an affectionate leave of me. Alas! said he, at parting, could one fatal hour be blotted from time, we might enjoy more happiness

than usually falls to the lot of man ; but it cannot . . . . must not be.

Ligonia, said I, your will and pleasure be ever sacred to me, when that sweet countenance which I now gaze on shall be seen no more, when immense space shall divide us, and when I hear of you no longer, methinks I shall have ceased to exist for ought, save stern duty and severe privation. I ask no promises, I will accept no pity, and I claim no merit, that I threw myself between you and danger, for it was the act of involuntary impulse ; if ever my affection can comfort you, you will seek me ; in the mean time be free. It shall be my ambition to deserve your esteem, with that of all good men, and every evening while the sun is setting, I will fervently pray to the Father of all good to give you comfort.

Ligonia clasped me to his heart in a short but fervent embrace.

Be assured, said he, that the heart that turns

from you Clara, shall never enjoy woman's love, and he disappeared.

The physician found my pulse high. My relapse was very serious ; for eight days, my life was despaired of.

When I recovered, I learned that Ligonias was on his road to Russia, having left Lyons immediately after our last interview, but first he had deposited a purse of gold with Agnes for my use.

Shortly after the departure of Ligonias, Rosa informed me that the young Count Drognichieff had proposed to her, and been accepted, that an early day was fixed for their marriage ; immediately after which, they had determined to proceed to Naples. Rosa invited me to accompany her, which invitation I joyfully accepted, and promised to hold myself in readiness.

In the mean time I received a visit from Doctor Lambert, who came to take his leave of me, being about to accompany Mademoiselle St. Sauveur to England. Since the attempt she had made in her frenzy on the life of Ligonias, her

mind had conjured up some horrible images respecting him. All her medical attendants had therefore recommended change of scene to the poor invalid, who would leave Lyons for London on that very evening, after which they proposed passing a few months in Italy. The Doctor having shook me cordially by the hand, and expressed his hopes of meeting me in Naples, took his departure.

In another month the nuptials of Count Drognichieff and Rosa were celebrated at Lyons, and the next day we were all three journeying on our road to Naples, accompanied by Agnes and her new lover Albert, (the Count's servant) Rosa's femme de chambre Pauline, and three male domestics. The bride and bridegroom travelled tête-à-tête in their travelling chariot, the large family coach was loaded chiefly with baggage, and the inside occupied by myself, Agnes, Pauline, and a little repasseuse whom the Count had engaged in Paris, at the recommendation of a great countess, not for himself



but for the service of a Neapolitan marquis whose name was St. Bétise, and she assured the Count “que la petite repasseuse dont il vou-  
“loit bien se charger seroit un vrai trésor  
“pour son cher ami à Naples, M. le Marquis  
“de St. Bétise; vu, qu’il tenoit à avoir ses che-  
“mises plissées dans la plus haute perfection.\*”

Rosa and the Count would have had me travel with them, but besides the scruples I felt to interfere with their tête-à-tête, I experienced, in my present melancholy tone of mind, a strong antipathy to the idea of witnessing two happy lovers during their honey-moon.

The Countess, however, never treated me as an inferior, but insisted on my dining at her own table.

Pauline, her dashing waiting woman, turned up her nose at my poor simple nurse Agnes;

\*That the little laundress, of which he was so polite as to take charge, would turn out quite an acquisition to his friend at Naples, the Marquis of St. Bétise; and most essentially so, as he was so particular in having his shirt frills got up, and plaited in the very highest perfection.



perhaps some degree of jealousy existed between them; I suspected that Albert was the prize for which they contended. The little French repasseuse possessed more ready wit than modesty; she wore a smart green silk apron, adorned with full trimmed pockets, and a cap ornamented with rose coloured ribbons, a little rouge, and a great deal of sandy hair; her pretensions to beauty were very moderate, indeed, I was greatly surprised at the choice of the Count's friends in Paris, of this female who appeared so deficient in every amiable quality.

## CHAP. V.

SERENADING AND SERENADERS—JEALOUSY IN LOW LIFE—HONOR DEFINED BY A FRENCH COOK SHEWING WHAT A HOLD VANITY HAS ON THE PASSIONS OF MAN—A HOAX.

As we passed through Italy, everybody exclaimed at the dirt and poverty which was mingled with splendour, so as to completely destroy its effects.

But I, as a Spaniard, saw nothing to astonish me in a fine castle loaded with rich furniture, paintings, and precious stones, while the lower stories were appropriated for filthy stalls where squalid penury reigned, without regard to order or decency.

The twanging of innumerable guitars, was as frequently heard in this country of an evening as in my own, and the Italians are better musicians but the higher romantic spirit of serenad-

ing exists in Spain, or may be I am partial in saying so much.

In Italy, every barber, as a means of adding some touch of refinement to the expression of his coarse desires, has recourse to a guitar, on which he contrives from his good ear to accompany his voice. The same love rigmarole, to the same air is twanged all over the towns at midnight; the number of guitars being regulated by the fortune of the serenader, or by the degree of respect and love which the object has inspired.

I have heard fifty or sixty guitars at a time, twanging merrily under my window, after I had returned from visiting one of the theatres with the Count and Rosa; nay, Pauline too was serenaded by three musicians one night at Bologna. To shew what a hold vanity has on the passions of man, Albert was just growing tired of Pauline, and he now conceived she must be an angel. Pauline on her part, elated with what she pretended was proof positive of the won-

derful effect of her charms, in her turn began to treat Albert with high disdain. Albert had served three years with his young master in Russia, he had certainly been once, half in love with Pauline. Reflecting on these weighty subjects, he began to fancy himself jealous, and to think about his honor, not that he quite understood what the word meant.

He would fain have consulted some military hero on the subject, but being ignorant of their language, he addressed himself to Pedro the French cook.

Pedro was a merry wag who had formerly kept a gambling house in Paris, until he had been forced to emigrate for the simple circumstance, of having at a game of whist, when a large sum of money was at stake, kept all the honors to himself.

Honor, said the Frenchman as soon as Albert had sharpened his wit by a cup of wine, "honor is of various sorts and kinds; the honor of a man-cook requires that he should

send to table a delicious repast, a tailor's honor is in his measure, for if he mismeasures, he is dishonored; the honor of a justice of peace rests in his prudence, and he may commit any body but himself; the honor of a prime minister is to keep down the opposition; and the honor of an Italian actress dwells, as you well know, with the number and high rank of her lovers.

But speak to me of military honor! said Albert impatiently.

Military honor consists in never flinching from the bottle said Pedro, filling both their glasses.

True, replied Albert, after swallowing a bumper, but on that point I have ever conformed religiously to the rules prescribed; but suppose a man tries to seduce my mistress, what says honor to that?

Speak you of Italian honor?

I speak of military honor.

Yes! but 'tis widely different in Italy and in France: which will you have?

Either is good enough for me ; give me the most simple.

In this country then it is the custom to stab the offender in the dark !

A Rome comme à Rome, said Albert, taking up his hat, his mind bent on deeds of blood.

It was striking eleven o'clock when Albert left the French cook, who had received him in his bed room. As he traversed the corridors in his way towards the kitchen, he met Agnes, who told him that supper was ready. Albert pushed her on one side with such rudeness, that the poor young woman burst into tears. Albert relented, he could have given her his heart and best affections, whom he esteemed for her gentle virtue, if any body would have but given her a serenade. In the mean time, but little glory was attached to a conquest which no one coveted or contended for, so having begged her pardon, and excused himself from joining her at supper, he hastened towards his own bed room, where he armed himself with his travelling dagger and



small pair of pocket pistols, and then hurried into the street.

Here he began to parade up and down under Pauline's window.

His courage, for the first quarter of an hour, was firm and terrible ; the fumes of the wine he had just swallowed, had worked him into a jealous phrensy, and he grasped his dagger with a savage gripe. Towards midnight he began to reflect seriously on what he was about. Suddenly he heard the twang of several guitars.

The night was dark, and Albert advanced unperceived, nearly close behind the musicians. They were three in number, as before, and appeared to be mere lads: they sang a pretty amorous ditty, which they accompanied with some skill.

Villains! cried Albert, who could contain himself no longer—Rogues! Thieves! away with you, or I will send a brace of pistol bullets through your empty heads, an you dont leave off your twanging ; saying which, he seized hold



of the youths by the collar, one after the other, and flung them to the earth with the greatest possible ease.

Murder! murder! rape! murder! screamed out the poor musicians, as they each measured their length on the ground.

However, it was soon evident, that two out of the three had escaped death from the dread hands of the terrible Albert, since they were no sooner down than up again, and scampering towards the kitchen, as though old Nick had been in pursuit of them. But the last of these three amorous heroes happened to be less fortunate, if one might judge from the noise he made, and from his continuing on the earth, just where Albert had tossed him.

Wretch! you have broken all my bones, screamed out the prostrate youth, in good French.

The Count, Rosa, and myself, accompanied by the hostler and the maitre d'hotel, attracted and alarmed by this midnight disturbance, has-

tened to the outer gate. We arrived just in time to witness a most ridiculous scene. Albert had picked up the wounded hero, and was carrying him towards the kitchen. He was masked, and being placed on the dresser, persisted in declaring that his bones were all broken.

Surely, said the Count, this youth has got on my surtout!—and holy Virgin! exclaimed Albert, these are your Lordship's overalls. We have caught a thief! Here Pedro! Pedro! send for an officer!—Take the rogue into safe custody, bawled out the maitre d'hotel.

Spare me! Pardon me! Pardon! said the phantom, suddenly rising from the dresser, and tearing off his mask, he fell prostrate at the feet of the Countess.

It was Pauline, as large as life, who had been serenading herself; grown desperate at the change in Albert's manners since he had become acquainted with Agnes, she had imagined this stratagem to rouse the jealousy of her *ci-devant* lover, and induced the little *repassseuse*, with the

kitchen maid, to accompany her, after leaving a light in her bed room, and putting the key in her pocket.

Bursts of laughter now resounded from all quarters; the Countess pitying the extreme distress of her woman Pauline, refrained from reproaching her; Agnes, instead of triumphing in the disgrace of her rival, feeling her gentle heart melted with pity, offered to lead Pauline out of the room.

Bruised and crest-fallen, the poor self-sere-nader, was easily prevailed upon to go and hide her diminished head.

## CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH FANCHETTE THE LITTLE FRENCH REPASSEUSE RELATES HER ADVENTURES.

WE continued our journey towards Naples, by short stages.

One day when we had exhausted many subjects of conversation, and had been silent for some time, the little indefatigable repasseuse, whose name was Fanchette, proposed that each should relate the adventures of her life.

My story was soon told; Pauline's had little interest in it, but the French woman's account of herself, being more lively, I will endeavour to give it my readers in her own words.

"My mother was a repasseuse, and I was bred up to her trade. Having, at the age of nineteen, become intimate with a very profligate

set of girls; my mother, under the idea of separating me from the connection I had formed, procured me a place of *femme de chambre*, to Madam la Marquise de la Croix, who was so celebrated in Paris, for her beauty and whimsical disposition.

The Marquis, her husband, was a stiff formal pair de France, about forty years of age. His beautiful wife was only fifteen, when I entered her service. All the men were in love with her, but though she was the gayest of the gay, and dressed herself in the most extravagant eccentric and coquetish manner, yet was her virtue never suspected. We led a merry life at the Marquis de la Croix's, and drank champagne constantly at the second table. Heaven defend me from an ugly mistress, who is sure to understand domestic duties, and regulate the expenses and table of her servants, whilst a beauty is absorbed in the delights of making and preserving conquests. The Marquis thought only of his

lovely wife, when he was not more deeply engaged with his senatorial duties.

“ Though my mistress was indifferent to all her other noble conquests, yet I could not help fancying that she distinguished her cousin, whom she called Alfred, with peculiar attention. Alfred was a novice in the gay world, a mere student, hot from the university, all passion and sensibility. He was a sweet pretty youth to look at, with a dimple in his cheek like a woman’s. I was told that he was clever and accomplished too, and I remarked, he sang like a nightingale, and his breath was as sweet as a rose.

It was easy for every one to observe, how he loved his cousin, but I believe the idea of possessing her, had never once entered his young head, when the anecdote I am about to relate to you took place. But first, I must acquaint you that though the Marquis and his wife loved each other dearly, yet they quarrelled like dog and cat, often for the most absurd trifles, and then they would kiss and make it up, as other

married people do. The Marquis would then ransack all the jeweller's shops in the Palais-Royal, for some new fanciful bauble to present to his pretty pet-wife, who used to vex and tease him so much occasionally, and particularly when she taught her parrot to call him odd names, such as, vieux emplâtre—fané—passé—blasé—ci-devant jeune-homme,\* &c. &c. &c.

On one of these occasions, the Marquis so completely lost his temper and his manners, as literally to have laid his childish wife across his knees, and actually whipped her smartly with a rod, as though she had been an infant.

My mistress was, generally speaking, as sweet in temper, as she was lovely, and though in a tremendous passion at the moment, soon forgave her husband for the unwarrantable liberty he had taken with her.

Unhappily for the Marquis, he was of a fidgetty tiresome temper, and knew not how to be

\* You drone of a fellow!—you dried up—done up—worn out old codger!—Ed.



quiet when he was well off. Not content with having whipped his beautiful wife, he had the folly to boast of it in her presence, and before at least twenty visitors. “ Regardez moi cette belle sauvage, cette beauté fière, said he, half in kindness, half ironically ! Qui croiroit qu'elle a été fouettée . . . mais *bien* fouettée . . . fouettée comme il faut\*!’ ”

The young countess's cheek glowed deep scarlet. She rushed out of the room, flew up stairs to join her cousin, who resided in the house, invited him to her boudoir, and when she returned to the saloon, where she left the astonished company, she addressed them as follows, in a loud voice : “ Messieurs et mesdames j'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer que vous voyez là, devant vos yeux monsieur le Marquis de la Croix, que vient à l'instant d'être coiffé—mais

Look, gentlemen, at this proud and savage beauty ! Who, here, will credit me, when I assure them honestly, that she was, not long since well whipped !—well whipped—to her heart's content too !!

EDITOR

*bien coiffé*—coiffé comme il faut!!—Demandez à mon cousin.”\*—Every body opened their eyes, but were tongue-tied with astonishment.

The marquis knew the world, and affected to consider this story as a joke; in short, up to this day, he has never acknowledged that he believed one word of it, although I am persuaded that no man knew the character of his wife better than the Marquis. However that may be, they have lived upon such excellent terms, that my master has never once had recourse to birching his lady from that hour; neither do I, in my conscience, believe, that the beau cousin, was ever again permitted to become an instrument of revenge to the Marchioness de la Croix†. The Marquis had an ugly knack of putting his ear to the key hole of the servant’s office, in order to listen to our discourse.

\* Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour to announce to you that you see here, before your own eyes, the Marquis de la Croix whose head has well been this instant dressed and ornamented!—and ornamented—to his heart’s content too!!—Ask my cousin!

† This is a true story.

EDITOR.

One night, after the Marchioness had been thus revenged on him, he heard me relate the circumstance of my having been an eye-witness of the tête-a-tête between the Marchioness and her cousin, from the key hole of the room adjoining her boudoir, when instead of pardoning me for such curiosity, as he was, himself, in the habit of gratifying by the like means, even on much less interesting occasions, he, without further ceremony, turned me out of doors.

## CHAP. VII.

## CONTINUATION OF FANCHETTE'S ADVENTURES.

MY talents, as a repasseuse, however, soon procured me a good post with a prude of the name of de Vallier, who resided with her husband at her chateau near Versailles.

This lady was a strict catholic, and led us a very dull life, making us attend mass, twice a day, and fast the whole of lent.

Madame de Vallier was not half so beautiful as my late mistress, although possessed of some charms; she was a weak, vain, amorous woman, and I soon contrived to flatter her weak side, till I obtained her confidence. Listen, said she, one day to me, as I sat by her bed-side, at work, while she sipped her chocolate. I have a good opinion of you, and believe you trust worthy.

I expressed my gratitude, and my anxiety to deserve her flattering predilection in my favor.

As a reward for your fidelity, take this purse, continued my mistress, presenting me with one that was tolerably well lined.

After much preamble, and many attempts to blush, she acknowledged that she adored a young military hero, by name De Julien, who was the constant visitor of her husband.

Madame de Vallier proceeded with her confession, in<sup>3</sup> about these words:—"Although my lover returns my passion, we have found it impossible to gratify our wishes, owing to my husband's indefatigable zeal in watching our very looks, and his obstinate perseverance in accompanying me wherever I go. Cependant ce que femme veut, Dieu veut\* ; and I have hit upon a plan that with your assistance cannot fail. Remember your fidelity shall be well rewarded, whilst the least indiscretion on your part, will cause your immediate dismissal."

\* What woman wills ; God wills.—ED.

Having made the warmest professions of good faith and honor, the lady proceeded to explain her intentions, as follows :

“ De Julien dines here to day ; at ten, in the evening, he will take his leave, our footman, Ambrose, remains absent till to-morrow night. When you hear De Julien descend the stairs, open the gate, and affect to let him out, Having shut it again with a loud noise, you have only to lead De Julien, into your small sitting room down stairs. Take care to place lights, and whatever may be necessary, before hand.”

Willingly, Madam.

“ You will then,” continued my mistress, “ go to your bed, and I command you on no account to leave it till the morning, not though I should ring my bell for an hour together.”

The heavy purse I still held in my hand had put me in such excellent temper, that I vehemently protested and promised my mistress that all her wishes should be blindly obeyed.

Alas, continued my mistress, with uplifted

eyes, how arbitrary is the passion of love! How impossible to overcome!

Then do not attempt impossibilities, Madam, said I.

I have before hand made up my mind to do heavy penance for this sin, said my mistress, and left me.

Every thing succeeded to our wishes, and De Julien being safely lodged in my sitting room, my mistress and master shortly afterwards went to bed. I soon followed their example.

At midnight I was awoke out of my sleep by a violent ringing of my mistress's bell, which tingled loudly and without intermission for nearly three quarters of an hour, after which, all was still as death.

My mistress went out early the next day to confess, but did not once allude to the circumstance of the night before. No suspicion whatever was entertained by the tender husband, and all went on smooth, for more than a week. But it happened that De Julien had a friend who was



quartered at Versailles, whom he loved as a brother. The discretion of a Frenchman in love affairs, is not always to be depended upon. De Julien's intrigue with Madame de Vallier, was too piquante; the story of the bell too amusing to be buried in his own breast, so under promise of strict secrecy, he related it to his friend, taking care, however, to conceal the name of the lady. His friend repeated it to almost every officer in the regiment, and thus it got round to Jacques Tracasse, the barber of the adjoining village, near our chateau, a tooth-drawer, and merry fellow to boot, possessing an infallible remedy for the lumbago, and another for dyeing hair.

The said Jacques Tracasse was well known to all the good families about Versailles, many of whom preferred sending to him at his village, which was at some distance, to employing any one of the town, partly on account of his excellent talents, as a hair dresser, but chiefly because of his lively humour. He was, in

fact, a most amusing gossip, and it became the fashion to send for Jacques Tracasse, as an occasional remedy for the spleen, as the English people call it.

But to proceed with my story ; the French are a fickle race, and De Julien having succeeded in a tête-a-tête with his mistress, as I have described, never thought of trying to obtain a second, on the contrary, in a few days afterwards, he procured six months leave of absence, and departed for a distant country.

This insulting conduct, so enraged my mistress, that her former passion was converted into hatred, and she called down vengeance and many imprecations upon De Julien's head, vowing she would renounce the whole sex.

Soon afterward she sent for two female relations to come and reside with her, but cruel and false as may be those vile men, there is, it should seem, no such thing as dispensing with them. My mistress and her two female friends

did nothing but yawn from morning till night, or they would sit fortune-telling, and promising a brace of new lovers to each other at every cut of the cards

My mistress's husband was a merchant, whose affairs detained him continually at Paris. When at home, he acted the husband to perfection, just as I have seen that character performed at every place where I have lived. I don't mean to say that there are no light and dark shades, and that all husbands are exactly alike, because some I have seen, who in society seem perfect models, ever calling their wives "my dear," or, "my sweet one," giving them the warmest seat by the fire, and speaking of them to their friends, with the highest respect: whilst others, more frank and natural, will call their wife a fool, before all the world, and ever keep the warmest seat by the fire, to the astonishment of all the well-bred part of the company. This latter class, I must say, have generally been in private, the best husbands, and some of these

have, in their hearts, really loved their wives next and second only to themselves; but bad are the best. All husbands consider their wives as patient tools, destined to bear more harsh usage, and insulting taunting remarks, than the lowest menial would endure for an hour; being bound in honor and decency to stand by them in their poverty and gaunt misery, not a jot the less firmly, when they have brought it on by their own careless extravagance or profligacy. True, most husbands will stand by their wives, fight, nay, die for their wives, should they be suddenly in danger of violence or ill usage, but these occasions are rare, and in the mean time the wife is daily neglected and ill used, because, bear it she must, and forgive it she must, since she is fastened for life to him, and to force her chains is but to incur disgrace, and have the finger of scorn pointed at her, or be reduced to the hard case of perpetual celibacy. But I am straying from my story.

One Sunday afternoon my master being in a

livelier humour than usual, his wife proposed sending for Jacques Tracasse, to amuse her two female friends, who had never seen him. We will pretend to have the lumbago, or to want some of his box-combs, of which he talks so much, said my mistress; my master was delighted with the idea, and Tracasse being sent for, soon made his appearance.

Figure to yourself a dapper, sturdy built little man, about five and forty years of age, scarcely five feet high, with a little periwig on his pate, covered with stale pomatum, and a small cocked hat placed erect over all, his face round, his eyes bright and twinkling, his nose red and snubby, with a comic expression of the mouth, small even black teeth, a dingy skin, and whiskers of no given or acknowledged colour, but dusty reddish, or red dusted with brown powder.

The costume of Jacques Tracasse, had been, as I was told, uniformly the same for the last fifteen years. A short coat of light stone blue, fashioned somewhat like un habit de chasse, nan-

keen knee breeches, with pearl flat buttons, blue cotton stockings, shoes up to his instep, and large buckles; a neat plaited frill to his shirt, and a small stiff black cravat, which looked as if it half choaked him, under which he was perpetually digging his two fore fingers, in the vain attempt of giving more breathing room, without disturbing the fatal knot, which looked, as if, it had not been untied for half a century. Add to this sketch, an old neatly darned white quilted-waist coat, and one-third of a Swiss check snuff-pocket handkerchief, which was to be seen at all times dangling out of his coat pocket, and Jacques Tracasse stands before you.

On entering the room he just lifted his little cocked hat, two inches from his head, while shrugging up his shoulders, he bowed; and then replacing it with its usual starch precision, said “votre serviteur très humble,” a fine afternoon ladies. Qu’y-a-t-il pour votre service? \* a fine quality of hair this young lady’s, but she does not

\* What may be your pleasure.—ED.



take care of it. Mademoiselle, you must amuse yourself with cutting the tips, only—the tips, mind, twice a week.

Has any body got the lumbago here? I cured a gentleman who was laid out for dead last week, and not a grey head left in Versailles!! I am a ruined man; I'm to be compared only to Cæsar,\* who wanted new worlds to conquer! Was it not Cæsar, ladies? You have heard of Cæsar, no doubt. He was an Italian. A Roman, that is to say—same thing; only when I hear of these fiddling, popingjay singing effeminate Italians of to-day, I can't fancy how it happened, that Cæsar was such a devil of a fellow! Will you hear the news, fair ladies, or shall I dress your hair?

The news, the news, Tracasse, give us news, for we are moped to death, said my mistress.

Oh! I hate scandal, said my master, yawning, then added, but Tracasse, you are quite a character, how long have you lived in this neigh-

\* Qu.—Alexander?—ED.



bourhood? do sit down man in that chair, and give some account of yourself! Its done in the twinkling of an eye, said Tracasse, tapping his large snuff box.

Commencons par le petit verre, said my master, offering the barber a glass of curious liqueur, who having swallowed it, smacked his lips, and pitched his finger under his cravat with a wry face, he hemmed to clear his voice, and then delivered himself as follows:

I was born in the Pays de Vaud, my father, a respectable Swiss gentleman, wanted to make a merchant of me, for which purpose, he bound me to a bankers' at Lausanne, but I felt such a strong predilection for the stage, and such a hatred to the business of a clerk, that I resolved to run away to Paris. Having performed this journey on foot, I presented myself to some of my father's relations, who, after scolding me for my disobedience, pitied my youth, and gave me a small sum of money to begin the world with. This put me in high spirits.

Having hired a back garret in the Rue St. Jacques, I passed whole days in studying for the stage, stamping, raving, dying, and singing by the hour together. At last, my neighbour, in the front garret, who was an author, threatened to complain to our landlord of the noise I made. I called him a grovelling minded wretch, who wanted to clip the wings of my soaring genius, and asked him how he dared interrupt a youth like me, in his studies.

At least, said the poor devil, since you prevent me from working by day light, give me a few candles, that I may continue my book while you sleep.

I pushed him out of my room by the shoulders.

The next day, the gentleman who lodged under me, gave notice to quit, on account of my stamping my foot so vehemently exactly over his head, while exercising myself in a deep tragedy. My landlord, to preserve a more profitable lodger, turned me into the street. I

proceeded, but little dismayed, at this accident, towards a small country town, and presented myself to the manager.

Having a fine voice, they engaged me at thirty  
sous a night.

I got on better than I expected, and improved daily, but grew very thin on my poor stipend of thirty sous per night, out of which I had to deduct my wig's, gloves, and various articles of dress. However, I looked forward to better times.

In three months, my salary was increased, and before the end of the year, I obtained an engagement at Calais, at twenty francs a week.

To shew you what trifles stamp our future destinies, one night when I played the first part in a popular tragedy, in which I was required to kneel down and offer up a prayer to Heaven, I began, by taking off my hat. Here a heavy disaster befel me, my wig being too large for my head, came flying off at the same time, and in my zeal, I dashed it exactly in the face of the

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youth who was performing with me. He was a shy nervous young man, who had that night appeared on the stage for the first time; my wig flapping right in his face, frightened him to such a degree, that he was disqualified for the rest of the evening, while no one missed it from my head, owing to my own excellent hair, and to the row of extra curls which were separately attached to my collar.

But though I got off with *éclat*, yet as it was at the expence of one of our company, I fell into a violent passion with the barber, of whom I had hired my wig, for having so shamefully misfitted me. Ever after, dreading the like accident, I used to patch and alter my wigs myself, until I acquired a taste for periwig-making, which I improved under the able tuition of Charles Baptiste, who was bred to the trade, and at length I became a proficient in the art.

In the course of ten years that I played my part in the drama, I earned more by occasionally fa-

bricating a wig, for the trade, than ever I gained by the stage, spite of my superior abilities.

The ingratitude and meanness of managers, at length disgusted me with a profession, I had in the beginning, thought so highly of, so having obtained the good will of my little shop, by the interest of some friends, I joyfully established myself in this village, where I have reigned as first rate hair dresser, without a rival, for the last fifteen years. Old Juliette has been my cook, friend, and steady companion ; her tender care of me, I am just thinking about rewarding by marriage.

My mistress thanked the barber, for the trouble he had taken. Several glasses of excellent wine which my master presented to Jacques Tracasse, so enlivened the good man, that he grew irresistibly entertaining.

After relating various little anecdotes of the inhabitants of Versailles, he continued thus : but ladies, my best story is to come, only in the

name of Heaven, don't betray me—its a secret the very best joke! Oh! its delicious!!

Give it us then, quickly, you provoking man, exclaimed my mistress, impatiently.

You must know then, said the barber, rubbing his hands gleefully, you must know that . . . . . Oh! how you will laugh!—I had it from the very best authority!—You must excuse names! but as to the facts, sweet ladies, you may take Jacques Tracasse's word for them. A lady of Versailles, of high birth and character, fell desperately in love with an officer, about a fortnight ago. He was a Frenchman! I need not add, that he was at her service. The difficulty was this; her stupid jealous husband never left her for an instant. No matter, she resolved to gratify her passion . . . . . Listen ladies 'tis the merriest farce! would make an excellent dramatic piece. The lady's waiting woman concealed her lover in a closet down stairs, after he had been dining at the house.



The husband and his wife, having retired together to bed, the husband, as often happens, soon fell asleep. Suddenly, the barber continued, riggling his chair towards the ladies, and winking his merry eyes, suddenly the wife made believe to be seized with a violent pain about the lower stomach ; imaginez vous. The husband, who awoke from the noise of her continual groans, expressed much anxiety.

It is nothing, my dear, said the tender spouse, . . . . . but . . . . . I wish to retire, I must go down stairs !

Shall I accompany you ? enquired the husband.

No my love, not for the world ; . . . . . but I am dreadfully afraid of ghosts, will you oblige me by laying hold of the bell, and ringing it all the while I am absent, that I may know you are awake. The bell will be company for me, at this solemn hour of the night, so don't refuse me my sweet, since I am so so very ill.



The husband agreed. Down went the wife, and in a second, was in the arms of her lover.

Tingle, tingle, tingle, tingle, went the bell for nearly three quarter's of an hour, while the happy lovers, secure of the good husband's "whereabouts"—Hem—translation from Shakespeare's play of Macbeth—enjoyed each other's society, without fear or constraint. Ha! ha! ha! *cette invention! les dames sont uniques pour inventer, les scenes dramatiques.*

Jacques Tracasse, was so taken up with his own story, that he did not observe the impression it made on his auditors, till the husband strided past him towards the street door, and left the house; at the same instant, that my mistress fell back on the sofa in a fainting fit.

The dismayed barber, when it was too late, guessed the truth, and lamented the mischief he had innocently committed. He bustled up and down, fanned my mistress's face, with his little three cornered hat, wiped the drops from his own with his Swiss pocket handkerchief, de-

clared it was a scene for the drama, un coup de Theatre: and then departed, with uplifted eyes, muttering wondrous! curious! who would have thought it?

For my part, as I was morally certain, that my master would dismiss me for the part I had acted, I began quietly to pack up my clothes as soon as my mistress came out of her swoon, and having demanded the payment of my wages, I left Versailles, on that very evening.

My master, as I have since heard, never returned to his home, but had regular articles of separation drawn out, which procured for my mistress full liberty of action, without the noise of bells in her ears.

At this moment the loud snoring of Pauline, who had fallen asleep in the corner of the carriage, so offended the little repasseuse that she vowed she would waste no more time in relating pleasant adventures to persons who had not the good taste or the good breeding to listen to them.

## CHAP. VIII.

WE ARRIVE AT NAPLES—MY CONQUESTS—JEALOUSY  
IN HIGH LIFE—NEW FRIENDS.

In a few days after Fanchette had related these adventures, we arrived at Naples, and as soon as we were comfortably settled, in an elegant hotel, which the count hired by the month, he sent his letter of introduction to the Marquis St. Betise by the little repasseuse.

The next day, while Rosa and myself were singing a duet together, the Marquis was announced. A little dry yellow looking man with fine eyes, of about eight and thirty. He was all over diamonds, perfume, and emeralds; the rings on his fingers dazzled us; his massive gold snuff box, was curiously wrought; his cambric shirt beautifully embroidered, and fastened

down the breast with a row of diamond buttons. His whole appearance was that of an Italian nobleman.

Having saluted us with studied grace, and expressed himself charmed to make our acquaintance, and grateful for the vast kindness we had done him in bringing over such an excellent repasseuse, “*qui plisoit a ravir,\**” said the Marquis, kissing the tips of his delicate fingers, he hesitated . . . . begged mille et mille pardons . . . . but he had heard such sounds!—Was it really a simple guitar that he heard?—and he cast an eager glance towards my instrument, which lay on the table.

“You are very musical Monsieur le Marquis,” said the Count, “and will probably like to hear Mademoiselle Clara’s performance.”

Monsieur le Marquis, said he, should be “*ravi on ne peut plus.*”

I took up my instrument, and bowing to the Marquis, began to play a solo in my best style.

\* Who plaited to perfection.

The Marquis's demonstrations of delight were so ridiculously exaggerated, that I with difficulty refrained from laughing. "Bravo! Bravo! c'est ca. —Oh! délicieuse,—Tantini is a fool to you—Oh! Tan—ti—ni peut—se—fai—re," . . . . . and as my air at this critical moment ended, the Marquis suddenly paused, and I lost the intended finish of his Lordship's accompaniment.

"Figurez vous Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, when I had finished, "Figurez vous que je suis fou moi,\* si fou pour la musique qu'on se moque de moi habituellement et partout.—Sur ma parole d'honneur, you are superior to Tantini; but I forgot, you are strangers, and have not the advantage of knowing Tantini, I will bring him to you si cela peut vous faire plaisir: la Marquise mon épouse is la belle Signora's countrywoman, and will be charmed with her acquaintance." After having chatted an hour, and fixed a day for our dining at his castello, the Marquis took his leave of us.

\* Only imagine Miss, I am mad!—so very mad for music that it is quite a common thing to laugh at me, and that too, wherever I go.

The Count having brought various introductory letters, we shortly afterwards received cards from all the best families in Naples, and in the course of two months, I made several conquests.

The Signor Roderigo, a rich superannuated nobleman, was struck through his spectacles, one night, on seeing me dance a Spanish castagnette dance at the house of the Marchioness St. Bétise; and here I must mention the great beauty of my charming countrywoman the lady St. Bétise, whose apparent modesty and dignified reserve inspired me with the highest respect for her virtue.

She received me with distinguished politeness, and after we had been acquainted a few weeks, often hinted to me how happy she should feel if I would become her inmate.

It was in this hospitable mansion, as I have before said, that I touched the heart of the Signor Roderigo. My second conquest was that of a young English gentleman of the name of Delford, to whom I frankly related my adventures, without concealing my passion for Ligionia.



From being the most ardent lover, he became my sincere friend, and I parted from him with regret; some months afterwards, when his health (which had required Italian skies and air to restore) permitted him to return to England. One evening as I sat chattering with my old superannuated admirer, the Signor Roderigo, without observing that the Countess had left us tête-à-tête, was seized with a fit of heroics, and dropping on his knees, began a rapturous declaration, in the midst of which, he was surprized by the entrance of the lovely Marchesa de St. Bétise, accompanied by her uncle the Cardinal Poco-puranti.

I blushed deeply, but I could not help laughing.

The Cardinal Poco-puranti's character stood high as a prelate in Italy, spite of and in defiance of a certain sly expression which lurked in his eye, and reminded me of a cautious voluptuary.

His sudden appearance had such a violent effect on my antique lover, that he fell prostrate backwards. The beautiful Marchesa assisted me



to place my noble conquest on his legs again, who, now with shrugs and bows innumerable, paid his respects to the Cardinal and his niece.

His Eminence condescended to put many questions to me on the subject of my religious belief. "Alas! poor child," said he, after I had frankly explained to him all I had been taught, "you walk in darkness; but, my niece has interested me in your behalf."

I was eager to change the subject, because I had lately been induced by the instructions of my young English admirer, to entertain a strong predilection in favor of the protestant belief. Rosa soon joined us, when the conversation took a general turn.

"Thank Heavens! they are gone," said Rosa, as soon as the Cardinal and his niece had taken their departure, adding, "I have taken such a disgust to that Cardinal, that I never was in such a humour to quarrel with bigots. Listen to me Clara," she continued, "you have met the Countess Lorenza,

that pious looking widow, who always wears black and attends mass three times a day."

I have seen her at the Marchesa de St. Bétise, I replied.

"The same," said the Countess; "last night she continued, "as I sat watching at my window for the return of my husband, who dined with one of the ministers, I observed a figure coming along the street, which I believed to be the Count. As it past the castello of the Countess de Lorenza, which is to be seen from my window on a moonlight night, a short figure issued from the portico in a hood and cloak; I guessed it to be that of a female: it seemed to arrest the steps of the tall figure by laying hold of his cloak, and having spoken in his ear, I thought it slipped a letter into his hand.

"It was the Count!

"I was almost speechless when he entered the room from agitation." "What can be the matter with you?" said he.

"Having explained what I had seen, I insisted

on his showing me the letter, which was at length reluctantly handed to me; I will read you the contents.

The letter ran thus : —

“ Charming stranger,—I can no longer resist the passion with which you have inspired me; the bearer will meet you to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, and conduct you by the small grey lattice entrance, along the garden to my secret chamber, where I will receive you in total darkness. You shall not once hear the sound of my voice: for know, too charming stranger, that I value reputation more than life. The bearer of this note is completely in my power, nor shall you ever be able to prove my dishonor to the world. Be punctual, and mystery shall but add zest to our stolen happiness.”

“ Can this epistle be written by the Signora Lorenza?” I enquired in the greatest astonishment.

“ It is the hand-writing no doubt of her minion, the duenna,” replied Rosa, adding that she was determined to play her a trick. “ The Count,” con-

tinued she, " is to dine with the Marquis de St. Bétise, I will plead indisposition as an excuse for remaining at home ; I am tall, and in my husband's clothes, wrapped up in his large mantle, I can easily pass myself on the old duenna."

Rosa's plan succeeded ; the Count left her at liberty, and in about an hour after, Rosa, in the disguise of her husband, had followed love's messenger to the dark chamber of the longing fair one. She returned in safety, and amused me with the following account.—" 'The old duenna,' said Rosa, " desired me to take off my shoes, that we might pace along the corridor with noiseless step. When we arrived at the door, my guide tapped gently, and we were immediately admitted into a room so dark, that I required the hand of the duenna to lead me towards a bed.

" She then whispered in the ear of some one who put forth her hand to welcome me, and drew me gently towards her.

" How short was to be her pleasing illusions ! Throwing her arms about my neck and pressing

her lips to mine, she was seized with a violent tremor . . . . . then hastily passing the back of her hand over my face, vainly searching for either my beard or moustache, she seemed ready to give up the ghost, feeling certain that she was betrayed.

She touched a silver bell which was immediately answered by her watchful duenna.

"Leave the room villain, whoever you are," said the Signora, "or I will alarm the house!"

"Not till you have shewn me your face, chaste fair one," said I, at the same time seizing hold of the duenna's dark lanthorn, and turning its shade round till it emitted a bright ray of light.

"Chaste lady, I salute you," said I, taking off my husband's gay plumed hat, and bowing low in mockery . . . . .

"The Countess Drognichieff!!!" exclaimed the prude and then fell into hysterics.

"Why thou purblind, mercury", said I, between bursts of laughter, addressing myself to the duenna; "thou impotent pandor to the lascivious

desires of that pious hypocrite, thy mistress! Art thou so recently in her service, as to mistake me for a man?—Poor, poor Signora!!!” Having enjoyed my revenge, I insisted on being safely conducted out of the house, and left the prude bursting with rage and hysterics.



## CHAP. IX.

I LEAVE ROSA AND GO TO LIVE WITH THE FAMILY OF POCO-PURANTI—A DINNER-PARTY—THE COUNTESS DIABLO—A FAUX-PAS SUSPECTED IN HIGH LIFE.

DURING the rest of the winter which I passed with the Countess Drognichieff, nothing very remarkable occurred.

The nuptials of my nurse Agnes and Albert were fixed for the following month, which circumstance so enraged Rosa's woman Pauline, that she abruptly quitted her service.

I proposed that Agnes should supply the place of Pauline about the person of Rosa, who determined to return to Lyons for her accouchement.

Suspecting that lady of a general disposition to jealousy, I resolved for the sake of her peace of mind to decline accompanying her, as I guessed



she dreaded the frequent *têtes-à-tête* which might occur with the Count and myself during her confinement.

Rosa but faintly attempted to dissuade me, and finding me resolute, "It happens very lucky," said she, "since you are determined to remain in Italy, that I know of a family, of the highest respectability who desires you to become their inmate."

"The Cardinal Poco-puranti resides with his maiden sister, in the most splendid palace in all Naples. The Cardinal is lately appointed by her deceased parent, guardian to a noble young lady, the affianced bride of a Castilian nobleman, now on his travels."

"The young lady, Mademoiselle Laura being a distant relation of the Cardinals', was sent to them that she might be prepared for her communion. The Cardinal's sister, the Signora Poco-puranti, seeks an amiable young lady as companion for Laura, during her residence with them."

I made no objections to this proposal, although I had taken a sort of dislike to the expression of

the Cardinal's features. Accordingly the next day, we waited on the Marchesa St. Bétise who presented me to her aunt, the good-natured Signora Poco-puranti, as a young person highly recommended, and desirous of offering myself to be the companion of their ward, Mademoiselle Laura.

The Signora immediately engaged me. Having invited us into the next room, and presented me to her pretty ward, who sat playing on her harp, that young lady appeared so elated at the idea of having a companion of her own age, and expressed so much impatience to see me regularly installed, that Rosa, to oblige the Signora Poco-puranti, suffered me to remain from that hour; promising to send my clothes by Agnes, and to visit me as long as she should remain in Naples; she soon afterwards took her leave.

The Signora Poco-puranti having left me alone with Laura, we were soon on the most intimate footing.

“How delightful to have a young companion,”

said she, "after having for months been living with these pious people. What do you think of the Cardinal, Miss Clara?"

I unwillingly admitted that his Eminence was handsome.

The person of the Cardinal Poco-puranti was nevertheless among the finest order of fine forms; Of majestic height, with full chest, and if his en-bon-point had began slightly to encroach on the perfect symmetry for which in his younger days he had been so justly admired, yet his ancles, feet, and hands would still have furnished fine models for the sculptor's art. His forehead was high, his skin florid, his nose roman, and if in his pale blue eye there lurked the expression of sly voluptuousness, his mouth had a character about it both distinguished and manly, while nothing could exceed the brilliant beauty of his teeth.

He passed for a man of tolerable sanctity, yet was he the Cardinal à la mode at Naples, and esteemed above all things amongst the ladies, with the exception of a few old devotees who blamed

his love of expence and courtly phrases, whilst they lamented the pious parsimonious crooked-backed little Cardinal whom he had succeeded. But these grumbling souls were few in number, and bore no comparison to the admirers of Cardinal Poco-puranti. His Eminence possessed a certain eloquence both of voice and manner, which was particularly popular and persuasive.

He was a man of sound learning too, gentle and easy in his temper, and he threw his money right and left among the lazarones with princely magnificence. Who would be severe on the qualities of the heart, or examine too closely into the motive or ruling principles of such an amiable individual as the gay Cardinal Poco-puranti?

I enquired his age?

Laura guessed it might be five and thirty, or more; she spoke of her intended marriage with the Castilian nobleman with the greatest possible indifference. The match, she said, had been arranged by her parents as soon as she was born. Our conversation was interrupted by the sound

of the large dinner-bell, when a magnificent banquet was served up in a beautiful saloon, the floor of which was inlaid with pure mosaic stone.

The company assembled at dinner, consisted of Rosa and her husband, the Marquis and Marchioness of St. Bétise, and the Marquis's aunt, the gay old Contessa Diablo, who was excellent company and made us all laugh with accounts of her former beauty and conquests.

At this period, painted up to the eyes, her cheeks covered with black patches, her costume in the fashion of times long gone bye, her robe of red satin that stood alone, slashed with black, and trimmed with point lace, her extraordinary head-dress, her enormous fan, on which was curiously wrought the figure of Tasso the poet, in red velvet slashed breeches, kneeling at the feet of a damsel as stiff as himself, who was crowning him with a wreath of laurels, I say, the old Contessa Diablo with her patches, lappets, fan, and mittens, was the most grotesque figure in nature. The

Cardinal saying grace, and the Cardinal during dinner was two persons.

Nothing could be more solemn and impressive than his tone and manner of calling down a blessing on our repast, but that ceremony over, the Cardinal was almost a bon vivant; he was certainly an epicure. His great tact, it seemed to me was, in choosing at all times for his subject of conversation, something that should be intelligible and amusing, not only to the persons to whom he particularly addressed himself, but also to each and every individual at his table. And it was curious to observe how near, how very near his Eminence would sometimes touch on subjects irrelevant, too light, and too profligate for his pretended sanctity; and yet had he the tact to wave them in good time, just when he had roused and excited an interest in the breast of such fair ladies as liked not the too rigid morals of handsome men.

The freedom of the Contessa Diablo's discourse



often occasioned Laura and myself to blush, while the modesty of the lovely Marchesa St. Betise, appeared to suffer even more than ours. She begged and implored, with tears in her beautiful eyes, that the Contessa, her aunt, would change her subject, but the incorrigible merry old lady scorned restraint.

“Never tell me—never tell me,” said she, in answer to her niece’s expostulations, “there was more candour in my time. I was a pretty blossom like yourself once, and as pure as snow, up to the hour when the divine Signor Roderigo, saved my life, at the risk of his own, by plunging into a muddy pond, where I had fallen, without taking time to throw off his embroidered cloak of pale blue satin or his . . . .”

“Are you alluding to Clara’s poor old shrivelled beau, or some other Roderigo pray?” interrupted Rosa, laughing.

“Aye! aye! aye! aye!” said the Contessa, “the same, we shall all of us be shrivelled in time; even this blooming little bird, Clara, who now



presumes to despise the first toucher of my virgin heart. Aye! aye! laugh and giggle if you will, but there was not in all Naples so graceful a couple, or one who danced a minuet or gavotte half so well, as dear Roderigo and myself."

"Nephew St. Bétise, send me a glass of that muscado wine, at your elbow, and let us drink to his health and longevity. I was never unfaithful to him but once."

"Hush! hush", said the Cardinal, half seriously. "I earnestly implore you to consider, dear Contessa, these two very young ladies," alluding to Laura and myself, "consider the sacred trust reposed in me. I am ready," continued the Cardinal, smiling gracefully, "to wave all claim to such deference and respect as may be due to my red hat, and episcopal dignity: but I implore you good Contessa Diablo, consider my protegeés; consider the Marchesa St. Bétise my lovely timid niece."

"Bah! bah! bah! about your timid niece," replied the old lady, shrugging up her shoulders,

and regarding the young Marchesa with a grotesque expression of irony.

The young Marchesa fixed her modest eyes on the table cloth, and was silent.

“ Well, then,” said the polite Cardinal, in his zeal to preserve decorum, without losing sight of hospitality, “ desist from this light discourse dear Contesa, for my sake, who am bound by my sacred vow, yet am, alas, but a man, in the presence of some of the fairest and noblest dames in Naples.”

“ The Cardinal is complaining to me ladies,” said the Contessa, whose noddle was beginning to warm with the juice of the Tuscan grape—“ the pious Cardinal has been complaining to me that his manhood suffers somewhat in our fair presence.”

This remark caused a tear to tremble in the bright eye of the Marchesa ; Laura and I smiled on each other, without quite undersanding it.

The Marquis de St. Bétise, in pity to his timid wife, changed the conversation to that eternal theme of his music, and the Signor Tantini.

Methought the Cardinal, though polite to all his guests, was more than usually attentive to his young ward, who appeared delighted when he addressed her.

After dinner, a magnificent suite of rooms were thrown open, and the arrival of the celebrated Tantini put the Marquis St. Bétise, into an ecstasy of delight. Tantini's handsome melancholy countenance, inspired the beholders with pity, because of the degrading sacrifice which had been inflicted on him in his youth, for the improvement of his voice, according to the fashion of Italy.

At the entreaty of the Marquis I sang a duet with Tantini from a popular opera, and was applauded more than ever I was in Spain. Rosa sang very pleasantly, the old Contessa gave us her song too, the chorus of which was something about her regrets for the time gone bye, her round arm, and swelling bosom.

The Marchesa laid her little hand upon her aunt's lip.

"Enough! enough! dear Contessa," said she

beseechingly—" Dans ma jeunesse j'ai fait comme ma grande tante, et toi, tu peux faire comme moi,"\* replied the old lady, in her niece's ear.

"Chantons ! Chantons !" said the Marquis de St. Bétise.

Laura and myself retired early to rest.

Rosa departed for Lyons shortly after I had taken up my abode with the lady Poco-puranti, accompanied by my nurse Agnes.

The kind creature seeing herself about to be separated from me for the first time in her life, was greatly distressed, but I knew she loved her husband Albert too dearly to part with him without deep regret, I therefore insisted, and took leave of her with a heavy heart.

The lady Poco-puranti ever treated me with kindness. They lived in a style of princely magnificence, and were visited by the best society in Naples.

When I had been with them about three

\* In my youth I did as my great aunt did before me, and you my niece can do as I do.—*Ed.*

months, I was struck with the change in Laura's manner and appearance. She became subject to violent nausea of the stomach, her eyes were continually red and swollen, her appetite fell off, yet her *en-bon-point* increased. It was, in fact, impossible for me to drive away certain suspicions injurious to her character.

The subject was too delicate to question Laura about, whose reserve towards me became almost haughty, the moment she observed curious anxiety in my countenance. Of ancient descent, Laura was proud and high minded.

I hoped I was mistaken, for she never left the palace, or was for an instant alone. With whom, therefore, could she have formed any criminal intercourse.

## CHAP. X.

## A BLUNDER—A HANDSOME PAGE IN LOVE.

As I sat musing on this subject, the Signora Poco-puranti's little fancifully equipped page, tapped at my door, and was desired to enter. He bowed gracefully, and begged leave to present me with a bouquet which he had just gathered. "Signora," said he to me, "I heard you say yesterday, that you were fond of flowers, particularly the heliotrope, and I have fancied they might be acceptable."

The boy's voice was sweet and plaintive, and there was an expression of melancholy in his handsome face, which rendered it interesting beyond description.

Eugenio's, for such was the page's name, countenance was congenial with his native sky;



it's softness formed a touching contrast to that characteristic ardor which beams passion from the bright eyes of a Spaniard.

If ever I read love in the eyes of mortal, this boy was in love. Here then was the mystery unravelled! here was Laura's excuse; for who could be altogether indifferent to the tender pleadings of such a lovely countenance?

These ideas passed rapidly through my brain, and before Eugenio had placed his sweet offering in the rich vases that ornamented a curious marble slab, which stood between my window, I had acknowledged his gallantry with sincere thanks.

Eugenio, said I, you are, I am told, a great botanist.

"One must study something," he replied, with a gentle sigh.

Are your parents living Eugenio?

"Have you not heard Miss Clara that I was found in a basket, fastened to the gates of this palace, fifteen years ago, for this is my birth-day."

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Poor Eugenio! and what are your future plans?

“ My future plans?” said the youth, fixing his soft dark blue eyes intensely on my face, and then dropping their black fringes towards the earth . . . . . There was something in his ardent glance that tinged my cheek with crimson.

“ I have formed no projects or plans for the future latterly,” said Eugenio, “ for my mind has been occupied by desires and visions of happiness, which may never be gratified.”

And yet Eugenio, said I, smiling, were one to judge of the state of your mind and heart, by your dress, one would suppose you the gayest of the gay. What desponding youth ever sported such gay colours? That blue vest how becomingly is it fastened; those cambric sleeves, how white and delicately plaited; that sash so elegantly tied, and those dark curls how fragrant with perfume! Is this the livery of despair Eugenio?

“ I will stand here no longer to be laughed at,” retorted the handsome page archly, while seating

himself in a chair, which stood close to mine . . . . yet did Eugenio possess more modesty than pages in general, although not enough to believe that there were many of the other sex who could look on him with aversion, or be uncharitably severe on his faults.

“It is the wish of the Lady Poco-puranti, that I dress with taste and elegance,” said the page, as soon as he had seated himself.

But, Eugenio, I replied, you were not always so much inclined to obedience as now, I have been told you are in love, that is the truth of it; I can read it in the soft expression of your eyes—I hear it in the melancholy tones of your lute—you tremble, Eugenio, I have guessed right, and you are too handsome to love in vain.

My words seemed to produce a strange effect on the youth, who blushing deeply, stammered out in great confusion, “I dare not hope . . . . I am . . . . I ought to be very grateful, if . . . . but real love is timid, particularly in extreme youth, and you are so young . . . you . . . .”

‘True, I am not much older than yourself, but I have seen more of the world, and can read your heart, Eugenio.—Your love was irresistible in the heart of the unfortunate lovely girl, whose affections you have seduced.

“ You astonish me, Miss Clara! No doubt, as you say, you are but too lovely, but with regard to my having seduced your affections—I declare, I . . . .”

My affections!!—What are you talking about, Eugenio? What can you mean?

“ And is it possible, Clara,” said the page, growing bold by an effort, aided by a glance at the large mirror, which reflected at full length his very graceful person; “ can it be possible you do not read my heart? and can you suspect me of loving another?”

The boy fixed his bright blue eyes tenderly on my face.

What, do you really mean to say you are in love with me pretty Eugenio? I asked, blushing and laughing.

"My height is five feet eight," said the youth, with something of indignation, "and young as I am, there will never be a period of my existence when I shall love with the same ardour and purity" . . . . "Clara," he continued, "I intreat you do not vex me ; I would sacrifice a thousand times my life for you ; I have said my prayers to you, I have loved you as my divinity from the first hour that I beheld you ; both of us are deprived of our parents, let us love, and never forsake each other."

Eugenio, I replied, I have no heart to bestow.

The page's sunny face was now bathed in tears which he hastily brushed away with one of his bright curls, "You despise the poor page then, said he, proudly ; yet is there good blood in my veins ; my father is a great man, I will not disgrace his name or high courage."

You know your father then, Eugenio.

"By name, as I am informed by my mother you would not ask me to betray my parent's, secrets," continued Eugenio.

No! indeed, dear Eugenio, I replied—I would be as a kind sister to you and love you as my brother.

“But you love another, Clara!”

One, Eugenio to whom I can never be united, and whom I may never see again. I then related to the amiable boy, the whole history of my life. To my great astonishment Eugenio assured me he knew Ligonía, whose self-devotion to the cause he undertook, and brilliant qualities he spoke of with enthusiastic admiration. We will be the very friends all our lives, said I, holding out my hand to the page, who covered it with ardent kisses.

Some one tapped at the door.

## CHAP. XI.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS—AN ELOPEMENT.

It was the Marchesa de St. Bêtise ; her modest eyes glanced on the page with shy, but unequivocal admiration.

Her ladyship brought me a ticket for a magnificent masked ball, which she proposed giving the following month, in honor of her husband's birth day. "Come down stairs and obtain the permission of the lady Poco-puranti, for yourself and Laura," said the Marchesa.

The Marchioness proposed getting up the performance of that classical piece *Telemachus*, in which figured, according to the Italian composition, Cupid, Psyche, Bacchus, all the Graces, Muses, Furies, &c. &c. The piece had already been ably performed at the private theatre of



their palazzo, which was beautifully decorated and adorned ; since which, Psyche was in a decline, Cupid had taken a trip to England, Bacchus to the Pays de Vaud, and the Muses were scattered all over France, jostling each other in every town. In fact, in Paris they had turned out such common women, that no one cared to patronize them, and Mentor was dead and buried.

To be brief, the old company was dispersed, and the Marchesa expressed her anxiety to form a new one. The young Prince Orazio, whose beauty and talents rang through Naples, had undertaken the part of Telemachus, as the Marchesa informed us, whilst her ladyship chose that of the nymph Eucharis. I was intreated to play Calypso, and the characters were all cast and arranged by the following evening.

When the Marchesa had taken her leave of us, after appointing an early day for our first rehearsal at her palazzo, the Signora Poco-puranti called me into her closet, and related to me with tears in her eyes, her suspicions as to Laura's state of



health, which exactly corresponded with my own.

She implored me to speak to Laura on the subject, remarking, that the poor girl would be more inclined to open her mind to a companion of her own age.

I replied, that I had already vainly endeavoured to draw Laura into conversation, which might lead to the subject of her altered health and appearance.

"After all," said the good Signora, "we may be mistaken; how is it possible that this child can be pregnant? Who does she see? Has she been once absent alone, or shown the slightest preference towards any one of our male visitors: were it possible to suspect the page Eugenio of so dishonorable a crime, I would spurn him from my presence; but it cannot be, Eugenio's heart is pure, his mind is noble, and he is always occupied in deep study."

I assured the Lady Poco-puranti of my belief

that her page was innocent of any crime against the peace and honor of her ward, and I promised to make one more attempt to induce that young lady to open her heart to me.

Vain, however, were all my efforts for that purpose. Laura confessed that something had destroyed her peace, and she thought change of scene would be of service to her; she had, therefore, she said, written to her brother to entreat him to take her to his house at Florence; but she begged me not to question her on the subject of her grief, as she had determined to conceal the cause of it for ever in her own breast. Do not, continued Laura, touch upon this subject again. Laura's face was bathed in tears, and her poor heart seemed heavily oppressed. Sincerely did I sympathise in her suffering, and pressing her in my arms, I mingled my tears with hers.

The Signora Poco-puranti, on learning the result of our conversation, rejoiced that her interesting ward would soon be under the protection of her brother who was the friend and com-

panion of the Castilian nobleman to whom Laura was betrothed.

On the day fixed by the Marchesa St. Bétise for our first rehearsal, poor Laura refused to accompany us, on the plea of head-ache.

At this rehearsal I met for the first time the handsome and youthful Prince Orazio, of whom I had heard such frequent and favorable mention. His Highness having been invited by the Marchesa to take the part of Telemachus, was charmed with the proposal, and evinced much talent in the course of this rehearsal; I was also surprised to observe, how ably the Marchesa St. Bétise performed her part; hitherto she had not evinced any extraordinary talent in conversation, yet she seemed now to possess qualities to make a finished actress; above all, she could throw what expression she pleased into her beautiful features, and was particularly happy in her delineation of the tender passion displayed by the nymph Eucharis for Telemachus. With what ardent

glances of love did she regard the young Prince! How sweet and tremulous were the tones of her voice when kneeling before the altar of love, she vowed eternal truth to her lover.

And then to see the fire that glowed in the eyes of young Orazio! How he lingered in her embrace! How his eloquent blood mounted to his cheek when his arm clasped the delicate yielding waist of the lovely Marchesa.

Surely, me thought, these are the best actors in Naples; it is nature itself! who would not be carried away by this illusion? who would not fancy them two real lovers glowing with mutual passionate desires?

Every body was delighted; but the loudest applause issued from the lips of the good Marquis St Bétise, who declared to me in French "*que sa femme jouoit avec le beau jeune Prince comme un ange!*"\*

The audience assembled to witness this re-

\* That his wife played with the handsome young Prince like an angel.

hearsal, did me the honor to say many flattering things of my performance of Calypso.

We dined at the Palazzo of the Marquis St. Bétise, and it was late in the evening when we returned home delighted with our kind hosts.

We found the domestics of the palace of Poco-puranti in the greatest confusion and consternation. Miss Laura was no where to be found; a letter was lying upon her dressing-table, sealed and directed to the Lady Poco-puranti; hastily tearing it open she read as follows—

“I humbly thank you my dear Lady for the  
“kind attention you have ever shewn towards  
“me, although it has been my heaviest misfortune  
“to have ever entered your doors.

“Feelings, I am not at liberty to describe, rendered the idea of taking a formal leave of yourself and brother, so truly painful to me that I entreat permission to be allowed to substitute the expression in writing of my sincere prayers for the happiness of you all.

“ My affectionate attendant Esterre will accom-  
“ pany me to the spot, where I shall await my bro-  
“ ther’s arrival, by his own appointment. I beg  
“ my dear friend Clara’s acceptance of the en-  
“ closed ring, which she will, I hope, preserve in  
“ memory of one who loves her sincerely.

“ Farewell, may God bless you all,

“ LAURA.”



## CHAP. XII.

## A MASQUERADE.

The news being thus confirmed of Laura's elopement, the Cardinal seemed greatly moved, and actually was seen to shed tears.

It was the general opinion that she had fled with her seducer, but no one could guess who that seducer could be. Eugenio, the page, expressed his unfeigned regret so naturally, that it was impossible to suspect him, at the tender age of fifteen, of such deep deception.

The Cardinal wrote to Laura's brother at Florence, to express his deep regret at what had occurred. Couriers were dispatched right and left, but none overtook Laura. At length the feelings of the Cardinal's family were much re-



lieved by the receipt of the following letter from Laura's brother.

“ The Count de L — F — has the honor to  
“ inform his Eminence, the Cardinal Poco-puranti,  
“ that his sister, the Signora Laura, is under his  
“ immediate protection, also that the Cardinal's fa-  
“ mily have laboured under the most extraordina-  
“ ry mistake as to their ungrounded suspicions  
“ touching the honor and character of his sister,  
“ who has entirely recovered from her late indis-  
“ position.

“ The Count de L — F —.”

Neither the Cardinal or his sister appeared to place implicit faith in this assurance of Laura's brother, touching the innocence of his sister. Appearances were too strikingly evident against that unfortunate young lady, who had endeared herself to all the members of the Cardinal's family, by the sweetness of her disposition.

Having been engaged by the lady Poco puranti as companion to her ward, I now proposed

seeking a new situation, but the kind lady entreated me to continue with her, until she had in some degree recovered the shock of the late elopement.

Our frequent rehearsals, however, had not been interrupted by poor Laura's misfortunes, and on the night appointed for the masquerade, the streets of Naples were, at an early hour, almost blocked up by strings of elegant equipages filled with masked characters, some grotesque, others sentimental.

The Italians are the only people in the world for masquerading. The beautiful gardens belonging to the noble palace of St. Bétise were illuminated with millions of variegated lamps; groups of musicians wandered up and down the groves, and among the trees were heard the sounds of various instruments as they moved along, flutes, cymbals, clarionettes, tambourines, &c. &c.

The Marquis, who superintended all the bands, was in his glory, running here and there count-

ing and beating time every where. There was Euterpe personified by the gay Marquise de la Croix, of whom it will be remembered the little repasseuse related an anecdote. She presided over a group of lovely nymphs, who were to execute on twelve harps the Marquis of St. Bétise's new composition, which had cost him three years labour.

It was late in the evening when a set of bells rang merrily to summon all this gay assembly to the theatre, to witness our performance of *Telemachus*. Instead of an overture, such as is usually performed previous to an opera, the rising of the curtain discovered the twelve lovely nymphs with Euterpe as their leader, who ably struck the chords of their well strung harps to do honor to the laborious composition of their noble host. The music had no sooner ceased than the rich scene represented the shipwreck of *Telemachus* and *Mentor*. The young and graceful Prince *Orazio*, who played this hero, wore a most splendid dress, and charmed the whole of the audience

by his beauty and excellent performance. Never yet had I seen such acting! so true to nature, so impassioned!

The Prince's enthusiasm was for the moment sympathetic. I felt the passion of love in my very soul, and as Calypso, I had reason to believe I did not disgrace my mother's celebrity as an actress. The piece concluded amidst the loud plaudits of the well-disposed assembly.

Then commenced the merry mazy dance. The variegated tints of many thousand lamps—the sweet flowers that perfumed the air—the groups of lovely females—their chaste and classical costumes—the harmonious sound of many harps—the gentle breezes that just caused the leaves of the tall orange trees to tremble and waft their fragrance around, softly fanning lovers cheeks, and echoing back their sighs of passion, in murmurs softer still—all stole upon the delighted senses like enchantment.

The Marquis de St. Bétise, was seen every where, the most officious and polite of hosts;

while the Marchesa reclined her delicate frame on a mossy bank, surrounded by her female attendants, whose nymph-like attire of snowy white, formed a pleasing contrast to the rich glittering robe of azure blue, worn by our fair hostess, whose pleasure or caprice it was to employ them thus publicly, to display the extraordinary luxuriance and profusion of her shining tresses, which they wetted with sweet essence out of curious vases, and laid in fantastic ringlets about her head and neck.

The bank where this beautiful group of females reposed, was artificially arranged in the most picturesque wild style, and was lighted with still bluish lamps, which emitted a soft twy-light. The page and myself proceeded along this bank in a winding direction by a gradual ascent and arrived at a hermit's cell. It was dimly lighted by a lamp made out of a human scull. Here sat an anchorite, whose beard was as white as as snow. His simple garb of dark iron grey, was fastened round his waist by a leathern

belt. He wore sandals on his feet, and the upper part of his face was concealed by a cowl. He sat leaning on his hand, apparently in deep thought; a large volume lay open on a rude table before him, but he seemed to disregard it.

Some high spirited young ladies who represented flower girls, came gambling and laughing towards the venerable man, and in burlesque merriment, made their offering of flowers on their knees, while praying for his blessing.

The hermit waved his hand impatiently, as if to engage them to depart without uttering a single word.

“ Oh ! you hard hearted hermit,” said the elder flower girl, “ how came such an anchorite with this pretty white hand,” saying which, she seized hold of the hermit’s right hand, and pushing aside the sleeve of his gown, exhibited for an instant, a very model of hands, moulded in Nature’s finest proportions.

He of the white beard, having snatched away his hand, darted out of the cell, with the swift-



ness of the rein deer, rather than the tottering of age and infirmity, and had reached the busy buzzing throng of masks in a second.

“Pursue him! pursue him! let him have no rest,” exclaimed the merry flower girls, hurrying onwards, towards the spot from whence he disappeared, while the Page and myself tired of the dumb hermit, proceeded in a contrary direction towards the centre of the vast gardens.

“Eugenio! Eugenio,” whispered a soft trembling voice close behind us; “dear Eugenio! let me speak a word with you in private.”

“Most willingly, Madame,” replied the page, “but . . .” and he paused, making signs to the lady that I was under his protection.

“Present me to Miss Clara,” said the mask, who wore a rich purple mantle.

“The Countess de Polignac, my best friend,” said the page, presenting me.

The mask held out her hand—mutual compliments having passed, we bent our steps to a retired spot, when the Countess having unmasked for an



instant, and discovered a countenance of commanding beauty, spoke to me as follows :

“ Though you now see my face for the first time, I have heard much about you from the lady Poco-puranti, as well as from her protégé, the young Eugenio ; and I am so prepossessed in your favor, as to have determined to open my heart to you, urged as I am by peculiar circumstances. Will you accept of my friendship, Miss Clara, and may I expect to enjoy your society to-morrow,” said the lady, presenting me with her card, adding, “ that she would take upon herself to answer that the lady Poco-puranti, would not oppose her wishes.”

I replied, that in that case, her ladyship might expect me at an early hour.

“ Farewell then, till to-morrow,” said the Countess, and having pressed the hand of Eugenio with tender warmth, she left us.

My remarks on the subject of this lady's invitation were interrupted by the crowd assembled round a merry pedler, who was exposing his

ware, and extolling the perfection of his drugs and charms of various sorts. By his side stood a young gipsy girl, whose graceful form and bright dark eyes, attracted general admiration.

Maids, wives, and widows, and many, no doubt, of a fourth class, which belong to neither of the three, crowded about the young gipsy, and eagerly presented their palms for her inspection. With timid but arch humour, the gipsy answered, teased, and vexed them in turn, by the varied interpretation of the lines in their hands.

When I put mine forward, she fixed her eyes on me with a singular expression of curiosity; but my disguise which was that of a Spanish nun was complete, and my close wax mask defied the most penetrating observer. At length the gipsy turned her eyes on my hand, but paused again, as if some doubt remained that she desired to satisfy.

Do you know me pretty gipsy? I asked, disguising my voice.

The gipsy shook her head significantly, when

having studied my palm for a few moments—"Heavens defend us," said she, "what a chequered scene is here unfolded! what vicissitudes of grief and joy, and anguish! . . . and the worst pang your heart will know shall be inflicted by a female—I see a scaffold! . . . a dungeon! . . . a ring! . . . prosperity for yourself and destruction to him you love!"

Enough, enough, said I, shuddering, for the gipsy's voice sounded in my ear like that of my evil genius. Me thought I had somewhere heard such sounds before, yet where or when I knew not.—Snatching away my hand, I turned towards her companion and protector the pedlar, who was delighting the page Eugenio with his merry discourse.

"Come and buy; my pretty maidens, come and buy" said he.—"Here is love powder for your sweethearts pretty maidens, the true ruby tint for your lips, and top-knots for your bonny hair! here's Doctor Gascony's book of dreams, and old Dame

Ventre-bleu's, the wise woman's receipt for twins, printed on large letters, and not a hard word in all the book ! here are garters that have a charm against being crossed in love ! come buy my lads, buy. Here's a liqueur to try the faith of your mistresses, come buy it and try it ! 'twill sweeten your coffee and cheer up your spirits—'twill float if they're virgins, else 'twill sink to the bottom like lead."

Eugenio and myself now endeavoured to retire from the crowd that was increasing about the pedlar and his protejée the gipsy ; turning myself round for the purpose of effecting my escape, I came in close contact with the silent hermit, who contrived to give my hand a gentle pressure unobserved by any one.

"This dumb hermit has been watching us for some time" said Eugenio—"father will you purchase this rosary" called out the pedlar to the anchorite, who shook his head.

"Our reverend brother was born dumb," ob-

served a young friar who passed near us at that instant.

“Not he! not he! said the gipsy,” siezing hold of his hand, as he was hurrying past her, “not he indeed!”

The hermit snatched away his hand, but not before the gipsy had thrown a hasty glance on the lines that marked it.

“Thou do’st well to conceal the delineation of thy crimes from my penetration,” observed the gipsy with a tone of biting asperity, such as she had not hitherto used.

I thought the hermit’s whole frame shuddered, but it might have been fancy. In a second of time, he had forced his way through the crowd, and was out of sight.

The pedlar rebuked the gipsy for her harshness, but she only placed her finger on her lips significantly, and muttered some unintelligible sounds, like one spell-bound.

Suddenly the hermit again rushed into her presence, and presenting his hand to the sybil, in a

faint disguised voice, said, "I would know what observations your kindness or your malice is disposed to make as to the lines of my hand, which you profess to interpret."

"Father," said the gipsy in a tremulous voice the tone of which again struck me, as familiar to my ear, "father, neither our antipathies or our predilections are to be accounted for, or commanded. The touch of your hand, is like the glance of the basilisk in it's effects upon my shuddering senses, and I know not why! . . . . Away with you I entreat you I will not again touch your palm."

The hermit sighed audibly ;—'twas the sigh of hopeless despair, and he then vanished.

The pedlar looked on the scene with an appearance of anxious curiosity, and hastened to lead his protégée towards a seat where he could converse with her in private.

We were shortly afterwards joined by the merry Countess of Diablo, who was accompanied



by her old friend and *ci-devant* lover the antiquated but amorous Count Roderigo.

Both were unmasked, the lady wore a rich dress of green and point lace, made after the fashion of her youth.

The Countess pressed me in her arms and professed much joy at seeing me. Her nephew, the Marquis de St. Bétise had described my dress to her, and she wished me to witness her minuet, with Count Roderigo. "This" continued the old lady, "is the very same dress I wore fifty years ago at the famous Regent's ball, where I danced the minuet de la cour with the then fascinating Roderigo;" the said fascinating object, who by the bye was at this period of time the very image of a baboon, bowed low for the compliment.

"I will go in quest of a fiddler, and if I can't find one, I'll fetch my own flute," said the delighted page.

In another second he dragged an unwilling member of the nearest band, fiddle and all towards us, who having scraped his instrument into

tune, struck up the minuet. Roderigo and the Countess's dance excited bursts of laughter from the crowd that soon gathered around them. It was in fact the most grotesque exhibition that could be imagined, and the good-tempered Countess delighted in the merriment she occasioned. "Ah! ah! ah! those were happy days Roderigo," said she, when the dance was ended, "those were delicious days, when the pressure of your hand made my heart dance; . . . but observe," she continued, "the young Prince Orazio there in conversation with my niece."

The Prince still wore the costume of Telemachus; the Marchesa St. Bétise seemed to hang on his words with delight, as they retired together under a thick orange grove.

The Countess Diablo having recommended the Page to go about his business or pleasure, with Roderigo, invited me to accompany her. As she led the way towards the spot to which the Prince and his companion had retired, I would have re-

monstrated on the indelicacy of our listening to, or interrupting private conversation.

“Bah! bah! bah! said the old lady,” dragging me along, “what do we come to the masquerade for?—not to be straight laced, but to enjoy ourselves. I know that sly niece of mine; I saw the melting softness of her eyes when she addressed that sweet boy How delicate are his blushes! how ardent the fire that flashes from his eyes! How interesting his youthful modesty . . . . Oh! ma foi! were I but twenty, only twenty years younger!! . . pretty doves!! . . Would not one say they were made by Nature for each other’s happiness? but hush! we are approaching.”

I would have spoken; . . . . I wanted to retire but the old lady held me in a grasp, which age had not yet rendered feeble, and placed her other hand on my lips.

“Softly then,” she whispered “we are her friends. . . hush! hush! the very life and spirit of a masked ball would be destroyed but for a little intrigue.” In another second we approached as

near as to hear the sound of their voices, while a large tree, completely concealed our persons.

The Marchesa spoke in a soft thrilling voice of the fatigue she had encountered, of her delicate health, of the music, of any thing but love. The Prince paid her the homage that a slave pays to a divinity.

Scarcely fifteen years of age, bred and educated in the strictest moral feelings, his blood now warmed with the wildest desires, probably for the first time. He seemed afraid to breath or sigh, or utter a word, lest the noble and pure Marchesa should guess at what was passing in his heart. Perhaps a bolder lover might have presumed to hope from the unusual softness of the fair lady's tones, that some degree either of favor or of pity had been granted towards him, even had he so far transgressed as to have hinted at these ardent feelings, with which she had evidently inspired him. But the Marchesa's lovely lips breathed only the purest sentiments of virtue. Her rich mantle of blue velvet had been thrown

aside. "The night air, at this late hour, grows chilly to a Spanish constitution," said my fair country woman, languidly attempting with her little hands to draw the cloak about her, as we could imperfectly observe from our hiding place.

The young Prince assisted her.

"Are not my hands cold," she inquired in tender accents. The touch of her hand which she presented, seemed to produce the effect of magic on the young novice, whose voice became tremulous from agitation—I believe he ventured to press it to his lips.—There was a pause ——  
"Lady!——Marchesa," said he at length  
"Have I offended that you are silent?—Did you not allow me the honour of pressing your hand, and could it be resigned e're it had been pressed by my lips, without a deviation from that chivalric gallantry, which your ladyship's presence must naturally inspire? . . . Still silent lady? Then am I indeed wretched, for you are offended!"

“ And for what, dear Prince,” asked the Marchesa laughing, “ why should I be offended with one so truly amiable ?

“ Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! ” bawled out the Countess Diablo, advancing from our place of concealment and dragging me after her. We have caught the pretty doves. Oh ! the silly things, how must you suffer ! How hard hearted is virtue ! What would you give to be free from her restraint at this moment ? Pretty youth !—modest boy !—which of our sex could long resist you ? ” said the profligate old lady, parting the rich profusion of the Prince’s glossy waving hair.

The Marchesa with soft, but dignified composure, observed with a smile, “ that Madame, the Countess, her noble aunt, was privileged to say in all societies just what came into her fanciful head, without regard to time, or place, or truth.

Chanson ! Chanson ! ” \* said the old lady, “ you were made for each other, and I defy you to re-

\* Nonsense, Nonsense,—ED.



sist your destiny ; hold out as long as you will, I know where it must end.

The Marchesa now began to look seriously offended, a tear trembled in her eye. "How have I deserved this, what have I said that could deserve such scandal?" she asked with simplicity, either real or very well acted.

The young Prince who was evidently under the influence of a new passion, which in its first stage was of that pure and ardent kind that resembles idolatry, appeared to suffer tortures, and dropping on his knees, he seized the Countess Diablo, by the hand and looked in her face so beseechingly, that the old lady's heart softened.

"I will not vex you, lovely boy ! arise dear child and play the fool as much as you please with your exaggerated sentiments ; I could not have resisted you in youth, neither can I now."

The Prince, in the ardor of his youthful enthusiasm, covered the old lady's hand with kisses.

For my part, I seized the first opportunity to apologize for my intrusion.

“Enough, Enough,” said the Countess, interrupting me, and turning to her niece, “I tell you niece, this child is free from blame, ’twas all my doing.”

“I am not afraid of being surprised,” said the Marchesa, smiling and presenting her hand to me, with dignified politeness. “Miss Clara is not unacquainted with the comic humour of my aunt.”

While conversing amicably; we advanced towards a more public part of the gardens: the first acquaintance we met was the Marchesa’s uncle, the Cardinal Poco-puranti. He was masked and wore the red hat and full cardinal’s costume; he appeared in high spirits, and expressed himself delighted with the variety he had witnessed during the evening. In the course of our conversation, his Eminence mentioned two new acquaintances, which he had just made, and called our attention to two masks in dark green dominos who stood at a short distance conversing together.

“They are men of vast erudition,” said the Cardinal, “in short,” so he went on, “I have

seldom been more charmed with the conversation of any individual than with that of the elder. They have both been great travellers and were lately in Africa; I could not resist the fascination of their discourse, and I have invited these strangers to dine with me to-morrow. "We can accept your invitation," replied the elder stranger, "but on one condition, namely, that you do not require us to unmask; we travel in strict incognito, and we are under a vow, the most solemn to conceal our existence, during the next two months, at the end of which period, if you will allow us the honor of your acquaintance, we will remove our masks and fully satisfy you as to who and what we are. It now remains for you to choose whether you will admit us to your table to-morrow under all these mysterious circumstances, or frankly refuse us that pleasure, until we can prove ourselves worthy of your confidence, in which latter case we shall journey forward to night."

I assured them, that though it would be the first time I had dined with masked gentlemen at

my own table, yet it being the season of the Carnival I had no objection, and should feel proud of the company of such enlightened men, even though they refused to shew their faces."

The Countess Diablo was violent in her exclamations against receiving strange men, who dared not shew their faces, adding that her dear nephew was wont to be more cautious : that in fact, the green dominos must be fairies, who had bewitched him, or for all she knew, they might be two robbers.

The Cardinal replied that they were the most high bred men he had met with in Naples, that it was impossible to converse with them and mistake them for thieves.

Bigots they might be, who might have made a silly vow, but the idea of their being robbers was absurd, he should take them for men of even regal rank from the suavity and dignity of their manners.

"In spite of all you can say nephew," said the

persevering Countess Diablo, "I hope you will invite a friend to meet them, and be well armed."

"Bah! I fear no one," said the Cardinal, "much less these elegant intelligent strangers, whose genius and merits alone induced me to press them to dine with me. They are coming towards us."

In another instant the green dominos joined us, and the Cardinal having presented them, the conversation took a general turn.

I soon ceased to be surprised at the favorable impression their discourse had made on the Cardinal, for two reasons; first, because they conversed with infinite grace and talent, and lastly, because I never heard a man more delicately flattered, and put in good humour with himself, than the Cardinal by the elder incognito.

An age could not have made him better acquainted and more competent to administer to Poco-puranti's foibles. There seemed to exist a degree of sympathy in their tastes and feelings, in their manner of seeing things which rendered

natural and simple, what else had been mere fulsome flattery, such as his Eminence had too good sense to have admired.

The same happy medium between the excess of rigid sanctity, and the ease of worldly profligacy seemed to exist in the minds of all three gentlemen; the same tact and lively turn of thought.

Half an hour passed quickly in this pleasing society, when the Cardinal and his friends saluted and left us.

As we strolled along, the Countess Diablo nodded and chatted with almost every mask she met. In the thickest of the crowd I know not how it happened, but I suddenly lost sight of her Ladyship. Vexed and ashamed at finding myself alone among such a vast concourse of fashionable persons, I hastened down a long avenue of orange shrubs, searching eagerly for some of my acquaintances——

I heard steps close behind me——Turning my head round, I saw the silent hermit who ad-



vanced, and in a voice never to be forgotten by me, asked me if I knew him. It was Ligonía's voice, and its tones thrilled on my heart.

You here, dear Ligonía!—dear Sir, said I, correcting myself in accents tremulous from delight?

“Hush,” replied Ligonía, for it was indeed himself, leading me gently to a more retired spot. “Particular business of a very private nature called me suddenly to this country; passing through Naples this morning on my road to a distant part of Italy, I waited on my particular acquaintance the Countess of Polignac. It was from her I learnt your residence with the Cardinal Poco-puranti, and also that you would be at this masked ball to night, in the dress of a Spanish nun. Though I have long turned my back on the gaieties of the world, yet I could not resist availing myself of the only opportunity I might have of enquiring after your welfare, since I must be journeying onwards before to-morrow night.”

So soon Ligonía? I exclaimed, and may I not speak to you now, and will you not unmask?

nay then, you must not, you cannot reproach me justly with boldness, for my heart is honest. But little can I know of the forms of etiquette, or of the rules set down for female propriety. I am told they are arbitrary, and I guess that in some degree, the manner often passes for the matter; be that as it may, there are surely exceptions to every rule of conduct. I see my protector from insult, my best, my only friend a prey to despair;—my heart glows with the most ardent desire to sooth, to comfort, and console him, whose amiable character is appreciated by all. Alas! the power I fear is denied me, but my heart is too full, and it would burst were I to be silent. Ligionia! I repeat mine is an honest heart, and every thought, and every wish towards you, is pure as your own mind.

“No more of this Clara!—You distress me,” said Ligionia.

Nay then, I exclaimed in a tremulous voice, this is harshness, and you are unkind to trifle with a poor friendless girl, giving her the most

touching proofs of disinterested kindness, yet would have her return them with cold ingratitude. Oh! how have I thought of you, and prayed for you, and how eloquent I have fancied I could plead to you! what projects have I not formed to restore you to tranquillity! how sanguine have been my dreams!—In some of them me thought you smiled, and were pleased with my devotion to you! I have watched for you in the twilight of the evening, I have sang to you while you enjoyed the delicate repast my own hands had prepared for you—Sometimes I have stood amidst the thickest of the battle, stout of heart and able and willing to administer to your distresses, or your wounds, bodily or mental. I was your companion in sorrow, and in health—Your head has rested on my bosom, and I have watched your sweet sleep with pleasure untold, when I have fancied it refreshing. Alas! alas! that all this should have passed but in my dreams!

“And who does more than dream of happi-

ness Clara?" asked Ligonía in a softened voice expressive of the deepest melancholy.

Let us awake then Ligonía to stern truth, let us dream no more! thy heart is chilled!— thou art cold as marble—so then, will I be— you shall not hear my voice—I will be no officious hand-maid to vex you with misplaced tenderness—Live if thou wilt in solitude!— eternal solitude, but place me where the sound of thy foot-step shall cheer my heart and inspire me with courage—Nay! I will not listen to you, I read the ominous wave of your hand!— speak not!—Pause dear Ligonía e're you turn away from the prayer of poor Clara, who is friendless and lives but in this hope!—turn not from the child of your bounty, who asks of Heaven but to live in the same atmosphere with you, who breathes no prayers but for your repose, and whose prospects are all a blank if you forsake her. Think you I could thus plead but for that secret voice which whispers to me, I could comfort your affliction and deserve your esteem?

My friend! my noble, kind, and generous benefactor, continued I, throwing myself on my knees, and bending my face over his hand to hide my tears, pray, oh! pray take me with you, our tears shall mingle and so lose half their bitterness. I shall soon grow older and wiser, and I will learn to deserve your friendship. My heart shall be schooled by yours, and every thing, I hope, or wish, or pray for shall be comprized in these four simple words, "thy will be done."

Ligonia drew aside his mask, raised me in his arms, and hid my face in his bosom.

IT WAS THE SWEETEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

The spot where we stood was completely shaded from observations by tall trees.—

"I am not of stone Clara," said Ligonia, tenderly kissing my cheek.—"I am a man, yet liable to the passions and feelings of my sex, but I have forsworn them. There is in my memory that which forbids me to wish for rest until I shall find it in the tomb!—I would you could read my heart, none know the anguish that is buried

here," said he touching his breast.—" Me-thinks you who can love one so wretched and absorbed in his own misery ought to know him.—I can confide in you, and I am inclined to place my life in your hands——yet, 'twere folly surely at your tender age to shock you with a tale of horror—— 'twere madness —— so the world would call it, to confide the most important secret on which existence hangs, to the keeping of an infant."

Tell me nothing!—I will hear no secret of import to you until I am older, and yet more sure of my own prudence.—Enough of happiness is mine at this instant; I would not frighten away your disposition to be kind to my wishes, by asking too much. Sufficient for the delightful moment is my waking present sense, that tells me all is not illusion and that I have been held in reality of tenderness to your heart.

"A dream! all a dream of unreal joy! The mere fever of the brain!—Thou wouldst shrink in



horror from my embrace, were you awake Clara," said Ligonía, distractedly turning from me.

You frighten me Ligonía, said I, hastening after him and seizing hold of his gown with my trembling hands. Have pity on me! Hint not at things too horrible for me to imagine, or I shall lose my senses——Talk not to me with that countenance, so sweet, so sad, yet so noble, that the recollection ever makes my heart thrill with tenderness. Hint not to me I beseech you of such crimes as could make me turn from you in horror. Sit near me Ligonía, and I will try to sooth this phantom of your feverish imagination.

Ligonía's hand which I ventured to press, was chill and clammy, he did not withdraw it, but sighed heavily as he seated himself by my side.

Surely, Ligonía, said I, Heaven's wrath for the heaviest crimes are appeased by man's sincere repentance, and justice is rendered to offended society by a life of sacrifice to our fellow creature's happiness. Why then do you talk of despair? Some pass their lives in the commission

of petty vices and selfish sins ; others there are of nobler character possessed of great virtues, who have at some fatal moment committed a crime ! a single crime ! in lieu of a host of endless vices : Yet the sincere repentance——the contrition of either will find rest here and hereafter. How has my heart glowed with pleasure when I heard of the sacrifices you have made for the relief and comfort of the distressed soldiers under your command. Dear Ligonía, I would share your fate here and hereafter ; fearlessly would I share it, for I believe you capable of all good and noble actions.

“ Clara, the sweet tones of your voice have magic in them to blunt the keenness of my sorrow ; your beauty is so bright, your warmth of heart so genuine, your firmness so touching, that all will live in my recollection. Your love I cannot return, for my heart is seared with sorrow ; yet I would fain express to you my deep sense of your kindness,——my gratitude, my——”

Then go not hence, my dearest friend, go not away from me for ever.

“ Alas !” sighed Ligonía, and paused —

Oh ! not to-morrow, I exclaimed. Fleeting and transitory are our moments of happiness ; abridge not mine, the last I may know on earth ; the purest I have yet experienced. Stay yet to look with me on one more revolving moon ! See she smiles on my prayers, and as I plead, that dark cloud is passing away, leaving her beams bright as my hopes.—You will stay, Ligonía ?—— I pressed his hand between mine, and looked eagerly in his face.

“ Clara, it were madness !”

Nay, this is cruel, said I, let each day bear it's burthen, grant me only this little respite——Oh ! strange being to fly from my presence as though I were contagious poison.

“ Be it as thou wilt then, Clara,” said Ligonía, with an effort to drive away painful reflections.

My happiness was now perfect, delightful state of extreme youth when the buoyant spirit

lives but in the present moment of fairy hopes and visions of bliss, which pass away with the hour.

“Heaven bless thee, and farewell!” said Ligonía, “you are to visit the Countess Polignac to-morrow, and there I will meet you—yet Clara, where is thy prudence thus to throw thyself upon the honor of a stranger. Consider the temptation you throw in his way: what if he should be undeserving of the trust you repose in him! Should passion yet exist in his breast stronger than his discretion, would you forgive him?”

Farewell Ligonía, I whispered in a voice tremulous with happiness, Clara confides in you, she is yours and you will not offend her, for your heart is kind and she trusts you.

“But,” retorted Ligonía, “if the charm with magic force were to drown for an instant the voice of honor and remorse?”

Ligonía, I answered, I dread no harm when you are near me, nor have I in those moments

room in my heart for ought but happiness, sweet as my brightest dreams e'er pictured.

"Sleep then secure in thy innocent love, for a grateful but wretched man," said Ligonía, when having once more pressed me to his heart we separated hastily, at the approach of the merry pedlar and gipsy who passed me at that moment. "Oh! you sly hermit! you hoary sinner," exclaimed the pedlar in lively accents. "Go hide thee in thy den false hermit," the gipsy called out as Ligonía was departing.

And whence this unusual severity towards an individual who is received by our host? I asked, Me thinks young gipsy, thy satire has in it, more of harshness, than point or aptness.

"Maiden, thou speaketh after thy light which is darkness," she replied: "I am a soothsayer, and I warn thee, there is blood upon the hermit's hands, I read them but now, and me thinks thyself stood by when the guilty man trembled before my wisdom."

Gipsy, thy voice sounds in my ear, like the

croaking of some ominous bird of ill promise. I'll tarry no longer near thy spell; I'll away from thee, dingy sorceress, black witch whom I begin to hate in sober earnest.

"Surely I know that voice," said the pedlar, adding "your tones grow more familiar to me, you are certainly the young lady we have been all the evening in search of—you are Miss Clara—"

And you Sir are ——?

"Your old friend Doctor Lambert," unmasking as he spoke.

I expressed my joy at this unexpected meeting.

Mutual congratulations having passed, the Doctor addressed me to this effect. "I hope when my young patient unmasks you will receive her with open arms;" here the young gipsy suffered her mask to be loosened, and Mademoiselle St. Sauveur offered me her hand.

Without accepting it, I coldly expressed my hopes that I saw her in good health.



The Doctor briefly gave me the following account of himself; "On his arrival in London he had immediately placed his patient under the care of Doctor Willis; change of scene and the skill of this most eminent physician, had proved all powerful in restoring Mademoiselle St. Sauveur to health, who was entirely cured of her former dreadful malady. Her lungs, however, being delicate, a journey to Italy was deemed advisable, they were, therefore, on their road towards the residence of a female relation of the Doctor's, who had married a Florentine, and resided ten leagues from Naples. They had called at the Cardinal's and there learn't that I was at the masquerade; had therefore, by means of all powerful gold procured tickets and disguises desiring to shake hands with me, as they passed through Naples, which place they proposed leaving as soon as the fête was over."

I endeavoured to reason away the disgust and coldness I felt towards poor Mademoiselle St. Sauveu, for having attempted to destroy Ligonía

I fear I was not very successful, and my manner seemed to offend Doctor Lambert, but the young lady, on taking her leave, proposed writing to me from the country, and most cordially shook me by the hand.

I wanted to forgive her but could not ; she had appeared before me in such an unpropitious moment, when my heart was glowing with love towards him whose life she had attempted to destroy, and my mind was doubly hardened against her, by that instinctive and unaccountable severity which even in her present sane state of intellect, she had a second time evinced towards Ligionia.

A loud merry peal of bells now summoned all the gay masks to a sumptuous supper, served in a suite of apartments fitted up with regal magnificence. I will not attempt to describe this feast of made dishes, and flow of bowls, my head was giddy with anticipation of expected happiness in the society of Ligionia.

On my entrance, I remember noticing the

twelve minstrels who sat tuning their harps at the bottom of the room. I can never forget the beauty of our fair hostess which seemed too bright for earth, and her spangled robe of azure blue, the many glittering diamonds in her hair, her soft smile, her languid delicacy, her fairy hands and feet, and her rosy little slipper just visible on the rich carpet, I remember too that the young prince Orazio was seated by her side, and their looks of burning intelligence, their blushes, their whispers soft as the air of their native skies, and then the Marquis St. Bétise!!! How rapt was he in the sweets of harmony!!!

My eager eyes vainly sought the hermit, but the Cardinal! me thinks I see him now in his red hat and other episcopal dignities, lending a willing left or right ear to his graceful flatterers, the two green dominos, his bright eyes sparkling like the wine in his goblet, nor do I forget Eugenio, the handsome page, or his white and silver costume, which made him look so bland and fair, or the

love that spoke in his pensive eyes, for my heart was all made up of passion.

A touch of melancholy was mixed with my happy sensations on that evening, when visions of bliss flitted across my brain. Pity, the most intense for Ligonía, was mingled with the bright hope that I could soften his sorrow.

Covering my eyes with my hand, in order to shut out all these objects, I indulged for an instant in luxurious recollection.

These sweet reflections were interrupted by the gentle voice of the page Eugenio, who whispered in my ear, *en passant* "Clara the hermit is known to me, may you be happy to the extent of your most sanguine wishes; I told you I would never encourage jealousy; good night dear Clara! May he whom you love, deserve you"

I was about to answer the page with affectionate tenderness, but he had vanished. It was past six in the morning when the party broke up, I then threw myself on my couch, quite exhausted, to dream of Ligonía.

## CHAP. XIII.

CONTAINING THE CONFESSIONS OF EUGENIO'S MOTHER—A SCENE WITH THE GREATEST MAN OF HIS AGE.—A LOVE SCENE—A PARTING.

The Countess of Polignac received me with the warmest expressions of friendship, and invited me to her boudoir, where an elegant breakfast was prepared for us. Having partaken of it together, the Countess briefly related to me what I will endeavour as nearly as possible to put down in her own words :—" My real name it will be necessary to conceal under that of my relative's, the Count of Polignac : I was bred in the Protestant faith, my husband was many years in the service of the French Republic. I had the honour to be engaged in the year 1799, as first lady of the bed-

chamber, to Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte. Young, and singularly romantic, I admired and looked up to the then first Consul as to a being superior to all the world. On his part he ever treated me with marked and flattering attention. Allow me to pass briefly over the subject of my disgrace.

“ Neglected by my husband, and fascinated by the glory that surrounded Napoleon, in a fatal moment, I lost sight of honor, and the respect due to myself.

But I soon repented of my crime. The first Consul's temper was uncertain, and he often treated me with harsh neglect. Stung to the quick by his careless indifference, I resolved to conceal from him my pregnancy, for which purpose I begged permission to resign my situation, pleaded ill health as my excuse for quitting the Count, and retiring to an estate I possessed near Naples,

My husband was absent on a secret mission, and not expected to return for many months.

The kind Josephine parted from me with



regret. A dear respected aunt who accompanied me to Naples, advised me to conceal my real name under the one I now bear.

“The Lady Poco-puranti and myself were educated together; I flew to my old school-fellow, and having laid open my heart and explained to her my unfortunate situation, I implored her on my knees to take charge of my unfortunate infant, as soon as it should be born, and so save me from disgrace, and the indignation of my justly offended husband.

“After consulting her brother, the Cardinal, it was agreed that my poor infant should be placed in a basket and slung to the gates of their Castello, when they promised to adopt it.

“Three months after my arrival at Naples, and in this very house, my son Eugenio first saw the light.

“You are surprised, Miss Clara, but judge me not too severely. You know not the wiles of a court, or half the temptation I had to err!

“ Let me hasten to conclude a story which is painful to me to relate.

“ A wet nurse was provided secretly, and all necessary preparations being made, for the safety and preservation of my infant's health, the kind Countess received him from her gates, and immediately explained to her household that since providence had thrown this poor deserted innocent on her mercy, she had resolved to adopt it, as her own.

“ Vainly should I attempt to do justice to the indefatigable kindness which the lady Poco-puranti has ever evinced, towards my poor boy, whom by her means, I have been permitted to press daily in my arms. The first three years of his existence, was passed by me in retirement, never interrupted, save by the occasional visit of the Cardinal and his sister. The beauty of my child was the theme of all who saw him, and his lively temper, made him a favorite with every one.

About this time I received a letter from my

husband, announcing his approaching return, and inviting me to meet him at Paris.

Trembling between shame and dread of his presence, I hastened to obey his summons, and having taken a tender leave of my child and his kind guardians, I arrived in the French capital a few weeks before my husband.

“ He was much changed, and I thought he observed me with doubt and suspicion. He often questioned me as to my motive for quitting the service of Josephine, and while making these enquiries, he would fix his eyes on my face, as though he would have penetrated my most secret thoughts. A thousand times I was on the point, of throwing myself at his feet, and confessing my crime, but shame, and fear of his violence, tied my tongue.

“ I passed about five years in Paris, and its environs, consumed with melancholy, deprived of the presence of my beloved child, and feeling myself an object of distrust and suspicion to a jealous husband. My chief consolation, during that

period, was the letters I received from my friend the Lady Poco-puranti, bringing me accounts of the progress of my dear child in every branch of his education, of his strength and beauty, his taste for study, his passion for reading, and thirst for general information.

“ In short, the accounts that were poured into the gratified ear of a fond mother, were such as to make me fancy my child would turn out a prodigy of learning and beauty.

“ Possessing a large paternal inheritance in Italy, I need not say that I spared no expence in the progress of my darling boy's education. Having at this time attained his ninth year, it became advisable that he should come to Paris, in order to be placed in the most distinguished college to fit him for the university. My affectionate friend, the Lady Poco-puranti, accompanied my son to Paris, and with the assistance of a friend, saw him, safely installed, and under the auspices of a tutor, distinguished for his learning and general merit, before she returned to Italy.

“ Eugenio was now in Paris, yet was his tender parent deprived of the pleasure of calling him her son. What agony of mind has this restraint occasioned me! It was with difficulty my kind aunt, who returned with me to Paris, contrived to procure me an occasional interview with Eugenio.

“ How seldom seemed our meetings to my eager affection! Often have I watched for hours the chance of beholding my child during his hours of recreation, which were some times passed in an orchard adjoining the college that was situated in the neighbourhood of the capital.

“ Maternal affection, at length too strong for longer restraint, burst forth, and during a short absence which my husband made, I one day having obtained a private interview with my darling child, threw my arms about his neck and disclosed the fatal secret which was to doom him to shame and disgrace for ever.

“ My confession was made just when my son had obtained his tenth year. The deep impression

it produced on his young mind proved his sensibility of heart, and that maturity of thought and judgement, the knowledge of which had given me courage to entrust him thus young with the secret of his birth. Wounded and bitterly lamenting his own situation, yet did he sooth me with the tenderest professions of duty and filial affection. After this *éclaircissement* my mind grew calmer.

“ My son’s progress astonished his preceptors, the best of his studies were directed towards acquiring a profound knowledge of the laws of the land, not with a view alone that he should one day become great as a counsellor, but his ambition soared higher still. He would create new laws, and become the means of high and essential benefit and increased happiness to mankind; a great and eloquent legislator, a martyr to some noble cause, that his renown might live after him, and that children unborn might bless the name of him who had bettered the lot of his fellow species. Such were the bright, honorable, and



and romantic dreams of Eugenio's earliest youth, inspired by the benevolence of his heart, and that ambitious disposition which might in a son of Napoleon Bonaparte, be supposed an hereditary quality.

"My son before he was twelve years of age passed the most brilliant examination in the college of Henri IV. which had been known for many years, and was spoken of by the professors as a young protégé of deep learning, besides having acquired many lighter accomplishments, particularly that of music.

"The Emperor, who happened to visit that celebrated college, a few days after my son's successful examination had taken place, lent an attentive ear to the praise bestowed on young Eugenio by various professors attached to the establishment, which was then particularly patronized by Bonaparte himself.

"On learning that the boy was a protégé of the Cardinal Poco-puranti, who possessed large estates in Naples, and that he had been found at

his gate when an infant, Napoleon commanded Eugenio to be brought before him. My child came into the presence of his unconscious parent with feelings much agitated, almost amounting to dislike. The Emperor addressed him in a voice and with a manner unusually kind. It almost seemed as if nature spoke by instinct in the father's heart.

“Taking the youth aside and having questioned him patiently as to his studies, he patted the beautiful boy's head and told him he would be his friend, and not lose sight of his interests, while he continued to distinguish himself. Eugenio greatly surprised and much offended his preceptors by the rude abruptness of his replies.

“I hope Sire to dispense with patronage altogether,” was my son's uncourteous answer.

“And why so child?” said the Emperor, half smiling half displeased.

“Fatherless from my cradle, Sire, I have ever felt it my duty to strive to make my way through the world, by means of my own steady exertions

alone, unassisted by any great man's patronage whatever, until I have acquired the taste as well as state of independence, and that to such an extent Sire, that me thinks I would refuse a diadem that policy or patronage should place upon my brow, and were not mine by birth-right."

"You grow saucy youngster," said the Emperor.

"May I retire Sire?"

"Attendez donc! attendez donc!\* Would you like the army for a profession?"

"No Sire!"

"What if I were to take you near my own person? Would you refuse to form one of my body-guard?"

"Sire, I will not be a soldier, unless my country should be invaded, and then I would defend her with my best blood and abilities."

"Yet I am told you are ambitious boy, and

\* Stay! stay a minute.

the army opens a wide field for renown at this moment," said the Emperor.

"Vanity, Sire may be satisfied with mean advantages, but my ambition soars higher than yours. I would not stoop down to have a crown placed on my head that never of right belonged to it; neither would I marry for promotion; nor care for conquests which could never benefit mankind; nor would my conscience permit me to slaughter my fellow-creatures oftener than my reason should tell me, that to war with them was inevitable, for the safety and preservation of our citizens, and our countrymen."

"Thou shalt take orders, and be a priest, boy," said the Emperor ironically.

"Not I indeed! said Eugenio boldly, "for I am a protestant—I hate priesthood, and the whole system of popish infallibility, so much so, that I cannot forgive any one who would stoop to patronize it, believing every such man to be either a fool, or a hypocrite."

"There are situations," said the Emperor,

with unusual mildness and moderation such as astonished those about him, “there are surely situations a man may be thrown into, where, what would else be termed hypocrisy, becomes matter of mere common, necessary policy—situations, in which he naturally, and wisely embraces one steady vast plan, in defiance of all larger or smaller obstacles, setting at nought certain forms which would obstruct the less expanded views of common men—*Il faut voir l’ensemble—Il faut voir les choses en grand—Il faut voir avec mes yeux—Il faut entrer dans mes vues, mon enfant, avant d’oser me critiquer.\**”

In saying this, the Emperor playfully touched Eugenio’s cheek with his glove.

“Sire!” said my child somewhat softened towards his parent at hearing himself unconsciously called “mon enfant,” “I am not prepared to prove that hypocrisy is, under any circumstances bad

\* You must look at the whole together, examine things at large, look at things with my eyes, and enter into my conceptions, my child, before you presume to criticise me.

policy, or that a government which is not founded on the simple principle of truth and honour must eventually be crushed, be it governed by whom it may, because I am but a child, and the arguments I could produce, would probably be weak and unsatisfactory; but I am old enough to know my own mind, and I could suffer or die if it were necessary, before my pride would allow me to act with deception: and methinks, were I an Emperor, I should consider that my safety, as well as glory rested on my own real merits, and the affections of my people."

"And are our people disaffected then, think'st thou, pert boy?" enquired the Emperor.

"I know not. Sire, for I never lived in the world, but I should guess that, though we may be fascinated for a time by a brilliant character, our permanent respect and affection, can only rest with him, whom principles, and pure motives of action should command, and compel us to esteem, even long after the fashion of his celebrity should have died a natural death."



“Thou wouldst make me angry child, were it in thy power, it should seem,” said the Emperor.

“Nay Sire, I did but state my opinion of an unprincipled king, but since you are so touchy, even on extraneous matters, I would fain retire with your gracious permission.”

“*Va-t-en petit drôle\**” said the Emperor, “*mais écoute* thou art a singular child, and though unpolished and rude to thy superiors I like thy countenance and thy sharpness. Give me thy hand.”

Eugenio half pleased, half reluctant, presented his little hand to the Emperor. Napoleon took from his pocket a small gold snuff box, with his likeness excellently engraved on the lid, and presenting it to Eugenio, said with much cordiality, whilst pressing the child's fingers over the box. “*Ne me raillez plus mon petit ami—Soyons bons amis—Nous nous reverrons!*”†

\* Go along then you little monkey, said the Emperor, but hear me—ED.

† Banter me no more my little fellow, let us be good friends—We shall see each other again.—ED.

The son spoke for an instant in the heart of the child, which warmed towards his parent, and dropping gracefully on one knee, he pressed his rosy lips on the Emperor's hand.

Napoleon's countenance expressed admiration and pleasure as he gazed on the blooming boy at his feet, whom he quickly raised, saying, "Embrasse moi mon enfant bien—Est ce de bon cœur\*?"

"Mais — oui!†" said Eugenio, putting his arms about the Emperor's neck, after a moment's pause, and giving him as unceremonious and warm a hug as though his Majesty had been aware of their relationship, to the astonishment of the grave professors, and great amusement of the Emperor, who left the college in high good humour.

"I afterwards asked my child why he had

\* Embrace me my child—Is it with all your heart?

† Why . . . Yes!

first received the advances of the Emperor so uncourteously and afterwards embraced him so cordially ?

“ The vanity and vices of the Emperor disgust me ” said Eugenio “ but I could not resist the kind tone of my parent, the less, because it was tendered to me voluntary when I had least right to expect it.”

“ I tire you Clara,” said the Countess de Polignac.

Having assured her Ladyship with truth, of the deep interest I took in her story, she continued as follows :—“ But little more remains for me to relate of my melancholy adventures. My husband accompanied Maréchal Ney to Russia, and lost his life in that disastrous campaign at the battle fought by the Imperial armies between Ghiac and Mojaisk in 1812.

Ligonia, who was in the Russian service, and had fought in Prince Kutusoff’s army, under the auspices of the old Count Drognichief, was entrusted by the emperor Alexander with a secret mission

to the court of the Tuilleries, and despatched to Paris, where Napoleon had arrived soon after the fatal passage of the Bérésina.

“ He brought me in person the melancholy news of my husband’s having died in his arms. A letter from my lost husband came to hand three days after Ligonía’s first visit. In that letter he spoke of Ligonía, as of one whose noble conduct and generous forbearance in the field of battle was above all praise.

Ligonía remained some weeks in Paris, and interested himself in the arrangement of my affairs with as much warmth and zeal, as though he had been my brother. In the desponding state of my mind, and my heart almost broken, I felt that, but for his active kindness, I must have lost my senses. My son loved him with his whole heart, and respected him as the first of men ; and when Ligonía’s mission terminated, and his military duties forced him to depart, we were as deeply affected, as though we had known each other all our lives.

Such real acts of affectionate kindness did we receive from him, that I was induced to explain every particular of my unfortunate situation. He promised, unasked, to cherish my poor Eugenio as a brother.

“To conclude—shortly after the departure of Ligonía, we were on our road journeying back towards Naples, accompanied by my son’s tutor, under whose instruction he proposed entering on a course of reading which should perfect him in such sciences as he preferred, as well as in the deep and profound knowledge of practical law, which, he desired to join to elocution, of a style that already held out the promise of obtaining rare and brilliant superiority.

“My child’s birth is still a secret to the world. Fain would I dare to seem what I am. Shame, ties my tongue and forbids the exposure of my disgrace. Eugenio, is therefore, still supposed to be ignorant of the author of his being.

The Cardinal and his sister received my child

and his tutor with unabated kindness, and we have not since quitted Naples.

“Your beauty and amiable character, Clara, made a sudden and violent impression on the heart of my son, who from being the gayest and merriest, soon after your arrival grew thoughtful, and touched with a tender melancholy; when having at length ventured to lay open his young heart to you and implore your sympathy, you with your natural frankness informed him of your passion for our kind friend Ligonía. You know the rest. My son will never be the rival of Ligonía. He would prefer death to standing in his light——

“Alas! my child grows pale and his tender mother trembles for the health of her darling. During the last few months I have been preparing my mind for our separation, and that nothing may be wanting to form his mind and manners, Eugenio, must travel. The moment is at hand—the pang is past—and my child with his tutor accompanies his beloved friend through Italy and afterwards to Russia.



“Ligonia brings him an invitation from the old Count Drognichieff, who resides near Wilna, where the Emperor’s head quarters have been established some time. They take their departure by to-morrow’s dawn, when unless you feel pity for my solitude and will come to me, I shall be disconsolate.

“Joyfully I accept your invitation, I exclaimed, adding that I would on that evening mention to the Lady Poco-puranti my earnest wish to leave her house for that of the Countess of Polignac’s, since Miss Laura, for whom I had been engaged, had departed, and my services were no longer necessary at the Cardinal’s. Our conversation was shortly afterwards interrupted by a servant who announced the visit of Ligonia.

“How did my heart bound! How the colour rushed to my cheek!! He paid the usual compliments to me in a voice which sounded affectionately tender. The Countess was never tired of questioning him as to their route, making memorandums of where her darling son was to sleep

or dine on the road. Ligonía informed us that Eugenio could not escape from the eager tenderness of all the inhabitants at the Palazzo of Pocopuranti. His old and first nurse sat weeping and hugging him by turns. Not a menial that did not tender her little humble gift of friendship to the beautiful young page, who had been bred amongst them, and was going to such a cold and distant country. Eugenio's choice of presents to his old companions was happy, offering to each exactly what they were most likely to want.

Not a friend or even a child was forgotten by this kind hearted youth, among those who had regarded him with affection.

At length he contrived to disengage himself from his earliest acquaintances, and soon after he had joined us, his mother proposed that Ligonía should accompany me in a walk before dinner; whether this tête-à-tête was planned out of regard to my wishes, or, those of Ligonía, I could not guess. Fain would I have believed the latter.

Love scenes, however exquisite to those who

figure in them, are to me heavy in the description. The feelings of enthusiasm which had, under the mask, given me a sort of unnatural courage, by the light of the lamps, was now changed to shy timidity. Hanging on the arm of Ligonía, my sensations were so exquisite, that I almost feared even lest the sound of my voice should diminish, or destroy the charm. We directed our steps towards the bay. Ligonía spoke to me of his satisfaction in leaving me under the protection of so amiable a lady as the Countess de Polignac. I eagerly enquired when and where we might have the chance of meeting again.

“Heaven only knows,” said Ligonía “perhaps in France, perhaps in England, perhaps never! But remember our last night’s conversation Clara! Let us banish all thought of the future and endeavour to enjoy the hour.”

Ligonía with an art peculiarly his own, drew out all my power of conversation; my playful remarks were more successful than I had dared to hope: he became almost cheerful.

All my sophistry, I blush to own it, was then exerted to reconcile him to himself, yet I felt a secret conviction, that he had committed some heavy crime. The ardor of my affection had made me perhaps short sighted ; be that as it may, my love was increased by the mystery that obscured the character of Ligonía. The dread of his supposed crimes rendered my passion for him more intense from the heartfelt pity which his repentance and desponding melancholy inspired. I tried to prove by many ingenious arguments that to enjoy the present and to forbear idle speculations, or retrospection of past crimes, was to fulfil the order of nature. I was no saint, and love had stifled the small still whispers of religion in my impassioned mind ; dreary as the sandy deserts of Arabia would be my path in life alone, while the bare thought of such happiness as I could enjoy with Ligonía, made my heart thrill with rapture far too sweet and wild to be subdued by the reason of sixteen.

Leaving the bay to the right we arrived at a

most lovely retreat, which sheltered us from a heavy storm by which we were unexpectedly overtaken.—“We are alone, Clara,” said Ligonias, “no eye observes us, the present is ours, nor the past nor the future shall trouble this moment, and since thou wouldst have me thine, I am no ancho-rite or marble stone to resist thy beauty so bright and intelligent, thy love so sweet, and thy soft and glowing blushes.”

Ligonias had thrown his arm about my waist,—the fire of passion beamed in his dark eye, my head was sinking on his bosom, when he suddenly withdrew himself from my embrace. After a pause during which he had turned away from my anxious gaze, “Clara,”—said he, “the atmosphere is clearing, let us return; thou hast placed thy fate in my hands, thou hast bestowed thy young heart on a stranger, for whose safety thou wouldst have sacrificed thy life. With me, thou must be safe; but tempt me no further, nor deceive thyself; thy love would lose its greatest charm with the innocence that purifies and refines

it. Destroy the mystery,—lift up the veil which ignorance throws over your desires, as yet vague as dreams of Heaven, and we become mere common lovers, partaking with the herd of mortals of their common appetites with the satiety that ever follows their indulgence.

“ Look up, dear Clara, droop not,” added Ligonía, observing the shame that overspread my cheek, with which I was almost sinking into the earth; “ Dread no censure from Ligonía, for he loves thee as thou art, with all thy imprudence, thy impassioned ardor, and thy tender devotion to his will. If ever my distracted mind will permit me to hope for the enjoyment of one hour of domestic comfort, Clara, thou shalt share it—thou shalt rest in my bosom, and be my cherished wife. Till then, I will watch over thy happiness with a father’s care.” Ligonía here changed the subject to one more general and less interesting, purposely leading me towards a more public promenade.

How pure were now my sensations as I listened to Ligonía, hanging on his arm, and watching his



countenance,—the noblest and most expressive I had ever beheld, yet so still and pale, that it seemed to me no earthly beauty.

Ligonia's advice for my future conduct was offered with the tender solicitude of a parent.

“ I have lived and suffered till I am weary of life, and care not when I take my leave of the rude scene,” said he, “ save that I would first exert every nerve to sooth and soften the misery that the duties of my profession have thrown in my way—but your happiness, Clara, is dear to me. Be prudent then, as you would avoid vexing the heart of an unhappy man. Let me fancy in the dead of the night when I am reclined on a restless couch, that the beautiful eyes of Clara Gazul, of her who loves me, are closed in calm sweet sleep. And may be, with this conviction on my mind, I may rest too, and dream of her. In absence, cold as you suppose me, yet will the recollection of your beauty, as I first beheld you, so young and wild, your accents so sweet and energetic, your bright eyes raised

beseechingly to heaven, your tears, and all that luxurious hair, which floated in the breeze of the evening—yet will the recollection of all these realities and Clara Gazul's beauty, often flit across my memory, like a gay vision sent from heaven, to lighten my deep despair."

And you will leave me, said I with a profound sigh.

"Why, dearest, will you vex me with reproaches? Trust to my honor; and be certain, if I depart, that some imperious duty forces me away from you, or some feelings of remorse, which at present are not to be overcome.—Ligonia tenderly pressed my arm, just at the moment of our reaching the Palazzo of the Countess, whom we found impatiently waiting our arrival.

Dinner was shortly afterwards served, of which we all partook sparingly, being deeply affected with the idea of our fast approaching separation. The amiable Eugenio, much as he desired to see the world, could not leave his adoring mother without a struggle.

Early in the evening, the Lady Poco-puranti sent her carriage for me, when I bid a tender farewell to Ligonía and Eugenio. Both pressed me in their arms, and kissed my cheek. My tears fell fast as again and again I offered my prayers for their welfare. As Ligonía conducted me across the long corridors to the carriage, he placed a small parcel in my hand—"Keep this for my sake," he whispered—Our lips met in one long sweet embrace—The rays of the bright moon fell upon Ligonía's pale features. See how cloudless she shines on our hopes, said I.—In another instant, I was alone in the carriage driving through the streets of Naples towards the Cardinal's habitation, as fast as his high spirited horses could bear me away.

## CHAP. XIV.

THE ASSASSINS—DOCTOR STACATO AND DOCTOR  
AGITATO—FATHER PIETRO.

ON arriving at the Cardinal's I flew to my chamber and hastened to examine the parcel which Ligonía had placed in my hand. What joy did I experience at the sight of a most excellent likeness in miniature of my beloved. The picture was set in brilliants of considerable value, and represented him in the full Russian uniform, after covering it with tender kisses, I had just time to place it in my bosom, when some one tapped at my door, It was the lady Poco-puranti, who came to pass half an hour with me. On enquiring for her brother I was informed that his Eminence had not yet left the dining saloon, where he entertained the two green dominos. The Lady

Poco-puranti was uneasy—never knew the Cardinal remain so late at table—could not guess what good motive the two strangers could have for their perseverance in masking their faces—had remonstrated with her brother as to the impropriety of receiving such ambiguous characters, but all in vain ; the Cardinal was convinced that his visitors were noble. In short, their graceful flattery had found the way to his heart, and they had been carousing many hours. Their merry peals of laughter had resounded along the hall.

The lady now changed the subject to that of the Countess de Polignac, when I seized this opportunity of begging permission to remove to that kind lady's house on the following day. No objections were offered, the Countess was her oldest friend and school-fellow, and she had never refused her reasonable wishes : she would often visit us, she said, and promised to interest herself in my welfare.

While I was endeavouring to express my gratitude, our ears were assailed with the dismal stif-

fled cries of " Help! Murder! Help! Help! Seize the assassins! Help, or I die!

Trembling, and as pale as death, the Lady Pocopuranti rung the bell with violence, and then we hastened along the gallery, where we encountered several of the scared household running to and fro with torches, candles, lamps, or whatever they could lay their hands on.—The cries ceased.—We soon reached the saloon, it was empty!—On the table were some remains of the sparkling wine which they had been drinking, and a massive gold snuff box had fallen on the ground.

The lights were still burning but without staying to examine further, we all hurried from one room to another, in the deepest alarm. No traces could be discovered of the Cardinal. His tender sister could no longer support herself from very fright, and we led her back to her boudoir, where, reclined on her chaise longue, she awaited the event in almost speechless agony, exclaiming—" Oh merciful powers! My brother is being murdered by these disguised ruffians, and no one will assist him!"



Suspense being unsupportable to my eager impatient nature, after recommending the Lady Poco-puranti to the care of her women, I hurried down stairs towards the stable, where I procured a lanthorn and accompanied by Eugenio's old favorite nurse, we commenced our search over the vast gardens of the Palazzo. We had wandered for nearly ten minutes from right to left when to the farthest extremity my foot stumbled against something heavy.

Holding down my lanthorn to ascertain what impeded my path, my fright and horror may be easily imagined at beholding the body of the Cardinal apparently stiff and dead. The screams of the old nurse brought all the household around us, when it was discovered that the Cardinal still breathed.

He had fainted from loss of blood which flowed from a deep wound in his side, and had received various other wounds of a less serious nature; that on the left side must have proved mortal but that the Cardinal was a great padder, and the

assassin's dagger had a long journey in wadding to make, before arriving at his heart of hearts. Believing no doubt, that their murderous purpose had been effected, the ruffians had escaped.

All was confusion and dismay in the Palazzo di Poco-puranti. The lady Poco-puranti was in a swoon. The old butler issued his orders in such a trembling voice while his teeth did so chatter in his head, that nobody understood him. The servants mounted their horses and went in search of the delinquents, having stoutly resolved to scour the country and bring them to justice dead or alive. The Cardinal was placed on his bed, and the celebrated Doctor Spilletti was sent for to attend him forthwith.

The surgeon having probed the wound, shook his head, and was silent; the Cardinal was still insensible. There was an awful pause. Doctor Spilletti pulled out his watch and counted his patients' pulse. "Where is the father Pietro?" said he, at length.

"At the bottom of the garden on his knees be-

fore the image of our blessed Virgin" replied the nurse,"

"And what good will he do there," said the Doctor half beside himself, for it was a ticklish matter to handle a Cardinal's wounds.

The secret was this,—according to the anatomy that Doctor Spiletti had gleaned in the course of his practice, which was little or none, it struck him that the wounded part ought to be cut away without a moment's loss of time. He would have made no bones about this, but have quickly hacked at the wound of any other man at a venture, trusting to providence to see him well through it, but the red hat frightened him. A Cardinal being a sort of God, all powerful in Italy and Spain, he would have preferred first trying the effect of exactly such an operation on the person of any less distinguished individual.

Father Pietro having been summoned from his prostrate position at the feet of the Virgin, the foot rather, for Eugenio the page had knocked off the Virgin's left foot and broken her leg when he

was a child and knew no better, however, Father Pietro entered the room, the picture of lank misery and despair. No wonder, either, for where should the pious man hope to get such another patron who kept such a table? such a cellar too!! And wine in moderation encouraged zeal, of which no one could possess too much in a religious cause. No wonder then that Pietro had hastened to implore the Virgin to take care of the Cardinal's wounds.

“Art thou a faithful servant?” said the Doctor to the priest! “We live by faith” replied Pietro crossing himself.

“I am delighted to hear you say so father,—you wont die then, so listen to my proposal. Thy beloved patron is in a swoon, in which state I am reluctant to attempt any operation,—nothing ought to be risked, no experiment ventured that might by possibility endanger the life of a Cardinal. But the risk is small, and as thou art a faithful and true servant of the church, she will protect you,—permit me therefore to make a small incision in thy side

that I may observe in what safest direction I can direct my knife." The Curate's face was the colour of saffron.

"Thy jokes are unseasonable, Doctor," he stammered out.

"Jokes," exclaimed Dr. Spiletti, "Art thou mad, to dream of jokes, when the Cardinal lies there, and my reputation,—nay, my life is at stake? Listen to me thou holy man;—What flagellation hast thou inflicted on thy body for the sake of thy soul during the last year?"

"Alas!" said this true believer with a sigh.

"I see, I see how it is," observed the Doctor, "thou art wofully in arrears, and must submit to mortify thy flesh, in order to cure thy pampered appetites, thy lewd and greedy propensities.

"There is an English proverb about killing two birds with one stone quite applicable to your case; let me practise on thy side, to steady my hand and nerves; the Cardinal's wound will fare better for it, and so man will thy soul."

The saffron colour of Father Pietro's counte-

nance now seemed changing to a greenish hue; cold drops hung upon his brow, for he was a rank coward, besides, being a true believer in the Pope, and a fool to boot.

Twisting up his nose, like a cur coming in contact with a cat, pressing his teeth into his nether lip, and raising his rayless green eyes upwards, he said in a faint voice, "I am ready."

"Down with you then," said the Doctor, taking the poor besotted bigot at his word, who being placed on a long table, with his bosom bare, the Doctor was just about to make his incision, when the Cardinal suddenly recovering from his swoon, opened his languid eyes. The first object they fell upon was the Doctor about to inflict a wound in the breast of the prostrate priest.

At the sight of his sharp knife, the Cardinal found strength to seize hold of a silver candlestick, and send it at the head of the surgeon, at the same time crying out in a feeble voice, "Murderers!! Assassins! Will no one assist me to secure



these murderers! help! help." At this critical moment arrived in his state carriage Doctor Stacato, and immediately after him, Doctor Agitato, both of the King's Household. They came by command of his Majesty, who had heard of the assault on the Cardinal, and had consequently dispatched them immediately.

Stacato stepped on the point of his toes, like a man whose shoes were filled with peas. He was a spruce dapper looking personage, whose appearance reminded one of an English groom, rather than a member of the learned college of Neapolitan physicians, or of his Majesty's Household.

Dr. Agitato was a very fine gentleman indeed, all over ribbands and orders, and diamond pins and garters, his hands covered with rings, and his whole person impregnated with otto of roses. He was rather a corpulent man, with a bright florid complexion, white teeth, and a pair of pretty twinkling blue eyes.

He wore an embroidered cloak, lined with real

ermine, gracefully slung over his shoulders, spite of the heat of the climate, lest "the air should visit him too roughly."

True, he had been an accoucheur, at the beck and call of any woman in the straw, but then Royal Patronage had washed all that dirt and filth from his hands.

The doctors meeting in the corridor, saluted each other with a show of cordiality, although in their hearts dwelt envy, jealousy, and vast uncharitableness.

"Your servant, Signor."—"Doctor Stacato, your most obedient; What a calamity! To be disturbed out of one's first nap too! I am perished!! and had just taken an otto of rose bath. A case of apoplexy this, eh? the Cardinal has no throat. I knew what would happen."

"No such thing," whispered Stacato, arranging the formal tye of his stiff neckcloth; "quite the contrary Signor, the Cardinal has been murdered, or something of that kind."

"Ah! Ah!—Why it is a case for surgeons

then, Have they got Spiletti—a monstrous ass, by the bye. Only imagine their bringing me here in a hired vehicle! pshaw! the odour of it still remains on my cloak. I should not be surprised to find that I had caught some diabolical Lazaroni fever, my teeth are so dancing in my head.”

By this time the two learned physicians having traversed the corridors, arrived at the Cardinal's bed chamber, just at the critical moment when the pious Poco-puranti had sent his silver candlestick, at the head of the surgeon.

On entering, their ears were assailed by the cry of murder, assassins, thieves, mingled with the deep groans of Spiletti, who had sunk into an easy chair, and holding a handkerchief over a deep wound in his forehead.

My faith has saved me, thought Father Pietro, who, on the entrance of the two great men, was gliding like a phantom out of the apartment, feeling that it would be entirely out of the question to screw his courage to the sticking place a se-

cond time even though it should be by prescription of the two great men themselves.

Agitato, with much sang froid, having made his court-bred bow, bent his steps toward the bed, pulling off his white kid gloves. Having placed his forefinger for an instant on the patient's wrist, and used the word "delirious," in Latin, to Stacato, he addressed the Cardinal with infinite nonchalance.—"I am sorry to see your Eminence indisposed; His Majesty is all sympathy; do me the favor to put out your tongue."

"I am wounded, and there stands the assassin," said the Cardinal faintly, while pointing to Spiletti.

"You don't say so," replied Agitato, opening his small twinklers as wide as they would stare, and turning towards the discomfited Spiletti, who, fearing to make matters worse, by a candid confession, informed the two great men that "having been sent for to examine a serious wound, which the Cardinal had just received from the dagger of some unknown assassin, that his Eminence being delirious, had sent a candlestick at

his head with such force as entirely disqualified him.”—“ We must expect these kind of things in the course of our professional duties,” said Stacato, but “ seniores priores, bind thy linen kerchief, about thy brow man, and assist us to examine his Eminence’s wounds.”

His Eminence being exhausted, now uttered a deep groan; some drops were administered; the wound was dressed, no incision having been prescribed by the two great men, after which, Stacato having touched the Cardinal’s pulse, prescribed to let out, by means of Spiletti’s lancet, some dozen of ounces of his Eminence’s blood.

Agitato refused his concurrence. His Majesty had entrusted him with the life of the Cardinal, and no power on earth should induce him to consent to such an unnecessary expedient. Bleeding was his abhorrence, he never attacked the vital juices, but where he saw physical necessity; it was a bad system, a dirty remedy; it was at best but robbing Peter to pay Paul, putting back an inflammation at the expence of the general consti-

tution. Agitato carried it with a high hand, while Stacato was merely the King's Household physician for ordinary services.

"Well then," sighed out Stacato, "I bow to the Signor Agitato's superior skill and judgment; but as to you Spiletti, who have received such a heavy blow from his Eminence's candlestick, if you don't immediately lose eighty ounces of what the learned Doctor calls 'the vital juice,' you will soon be a dead man."

Having prescribed quiet, a sleeping draught, and some extract of lillies of the valley to wash his Eminence's minor wounds, in order, as Agitato learnedly observed, that they might smell sweet, the Cardinal in a faint voice, complained that Agitato's otto of roses would cause him to expire; upon which hint, vanished backwards, bowing themselves out of doors, the two great men followed by Spiletti:

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